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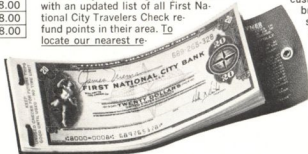
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C-11

LETTERS

Widening the War

Sir: Richard Nixon's incredibly assured decision to escalate the war [May 11] is beyond comprehension. In search of that illusory turning point, that single decisive confrontation that for years has confounded American military strategists in Southeast Asia, Mr. Nixon has consciously chosen to disregard the lessons of recent history and threatens to involve this country in a still wider war. In the context of existing concern, his failure to consult congressional leaders is indefensible.

Why Viet Cong sanctuaries in Cambodia suddenly became an intolerable threat to a reduced American presence in Viet Nam remains a mystery. How the destruction of antiaircraft installations in North Viet Nam will ensure the safety of departing U.S. troops is clearly open to critical debate. What is to be gained from a six- to eight-week "defensive" probe across the Cambodian border is at best fuzzy speculation, and miserably incapable of justifying the immediate cost in American lives and the potential costs of an Indochina war.

NED FREED

Pacific Grove, Calif.

Sir: I had lost hope of the survival of even a spark of political courage in Washington. No longer. My one gut reaction is, it's about goddam time! Let us work for peace in the only way possible: by defeating and containing aggression against helpless nations. Some of us do this by serving here in Viet Nam. The rest of America must do it by vociferously drowning out the anti-Americans and petty despots of the fanatic left fringes, and providing backbone for our misled legislators.

(CPL.) BRUCE N. KESLER
U.S.M.C.

FPO San Francisco

Sir: I heard the President's speech on Cambodia. There can be only one way out: Impeach! Impeach! Impeach!

HAARON B. GROSETH

Sarasota, Fla.

Sir: In crises we have always had men to lead us to victory. We have them today; a President who acted, after deep thought and consideration for the nation's interest, without regard to any adverse effect it may have on his political future, and a Vice President who calls them as he sees them. At 80 years I have regained my youthful enthusiasm and faith in our future.

FRANCIS F. HARGY

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sir: In his Cambodia speech, President Nixon said that his ordering troops into Cambodia is not an invasion, because he will withdraw the troops when mission is accomplished. The last time I heard exactly the same argument, it was made by the Soviets in regard to their involvement in Czechoslovakia.

KRISTINA HOHWELER

Norman, Okla.

Sir: One wonders how long presidents can wage wars without consulting those who are asked to die in them. The key phrase in Mr. Nixon's speech was the part about his not wanting to be the first President to lose a war and refusing to let the U.S. become a "second-rate power." Isn't it ironic that the U.S. always

laughs at the Orientals trying to "save face"?

NICK NICHOLL

Pueblo, Colo.

Sir: As part of his withdrawal plan, the President has repeatedly and explicitly warned the enemy that any action on his part that would endanger our troops would result in an appropriate response.

Within the past few weeks, the enemy has launched an armed invasion of Cambodia and built up his forces at points clearly menacing American and allied positions. In responding, the President has simply done what he said he would do. The notion that this is somehow a change of policy or an escalation of the war is nonsense. We are fighting the same war against the same enemy in the same place. The only difference is that at long last we have a President who recognizes the folly of letting the enemy establish one set of rules for our conduct and a different set for his own.

THOMAS L. MCCLINTOCK

Colt's Neck, N.J.

Tragic Violence

Sir: How tragic and unnecessary were the bloodshed and violence on the Kent State University campus [May 18]. President Nixon alluded to this as an expected result of student violence. I believe he is partly right. It started with the violence of a nation pursuing an unjustified and unpopular war in Viet Nam.

Our children are uniquely sincere in objecting to what seem like the actions of misguided leaders. They have observed much rational dissent advanced by members of Congress. They have heard half-truths offered by other Government officials who appear to be serving the interests of militarism in our country or the interests of Vietnamese rulers. What are they to do when at the same time environment deterioration, overpopulation, starvation and a host of other worthy causes demand attention? The natural idealism of youth makes them cry out for redress.

STEPHEN J. KIMMEL

Phoenix, Ariz.

Sir: "Young idealist" is just a euphemism for destructive terrorist. They openly breach the law and then seek the sanctuary of our courts when brought to trial. We must take off the gloves and deal with this destructive element of our society; apparently, this is the only effective means of combating its anarchistic actions. In reality, the revolutionaries are the pigs that wallow in the mire of destructive tactics bent upon the overthrow of our society.

MARK E. SINGER, '71

University of Wisconsin
Madison, Wis.

Sir: Some spectators cheered as ambulances carried Kent student victims to the local hospital. Nixon has succeeded in dividing to the point that some will condone any degree of violence directed against those with whom they disagree. Approval of killing America's sons and daughters makes one ask: What kind of future can this nation possibly have?

GERI REGULA

Akron

Sir: It shouldn't take a university-level mentality to figure out that the quickest

way to get a bullet between the eyes is to throw rocks at soldiers with loaded guns.

When are college kids going to stop their tiresome rallies and return to class?

WILLIAM DALZELL

Dayton, Ohio

Rooster Roasted?

Sir: The conscious vigor of Agnew's criticism [May 11] has expanded to include University of Michigan President Robben Fleming, along with other university presidents, student protesters, admission policies, parents who have read Dr. Spock and progressive preachers, not to mention any number of implied targets. All this under the guise of roasting marshmallows to give them tough coats. Perhaps in 1972, the marshmallows will have their own version of a roast.

(MRS.) NAN-ELLEN HARRIS

Manhattan

Reporting Not Rioting

Sir: The accompanying photograph in the article on the recent dissent and disruptions on the University of California campus in Berkeley [April 27] shows not a demonstrator but Peter Rosenthal, who is (like myself) a staff member of KALX-FM in Berkeley.

A number of the members of our staff were assisting the regular news team in covering the events during that week. Peter was arrested while reporting—his press badge in plain sight—and eventually charged with assault with a deadly weapon (a rock, supposedly), but not before he was first forced to endure a half-hour as a rock shield for one line of policemen. The charges were finally dropped;

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too bad they couldn't drop the injuries sustained by Peter Rosenthal.

JOHN S. COVELL

Berkeley, Calif.

Escape from Logic

Sir: How can the president of Yale state publicly *before* the Black Panther trial in New Haven that it is unfair? How can students strike and call the judge and jury prejudiced *before* the event occurs? What could be more prejudiced (pre-judged) than this? What could be more unfair?

The logic of how closing down universities and charging injustice beforehand ensures justice in a forthcoming trial or in the world escapes me. Perhaps Yale needs a compulsory course in elementary logic.

HENRY SCHINDALL

Greenwich, Conn.

Art of Definition

Sir: I am grateful to Arthur Schlesinger Jr. for caring enough to define "strict constructionist," and I thank you for printing his letter [May 4].

In an age when language has become almost meaningless, when the utterances of Presidents and Senators communicate nothing but the existence of their muddled intellects, when the daily papers are filled with columnists expounding absurdities that would formerly have been apparent to children, it was a pleasure to watch Mr. Schlesinger demonstrate that the expository method of definition is not a totally lost art.

JAMES E. SHEPARD

Atwater, Calif.

Lenin on the Lake

Sir: During his time in Switzerland, Lenin [April 27] stayed for a while in my home town, Sarnen, where he worked in a quarry. An old fisherman at the nearby lake told me that in the evenings he sometimes took Lenin out in one of his boats, and there they discussed how to better the world.

Somehow Lenin was impressed by this local character, because later he sent him an autographed book from Zurich. "But if I had known what that Russian would do in his later life, I certainly would have thrown him into the lake," the fisherman always concluded his story. He sure missed a chance to change history and to save Russia and many another country from a terrible scourge.

(THE REV.) K. DILLIER

Taitung, Taiwan

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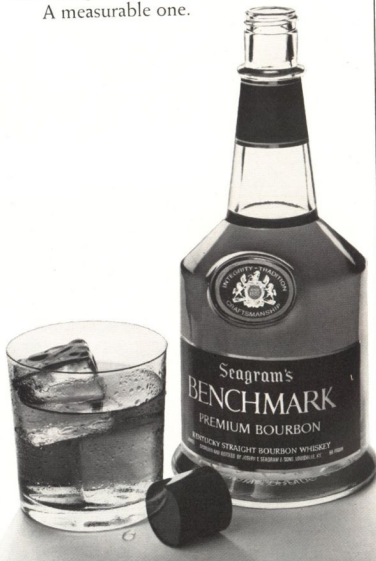
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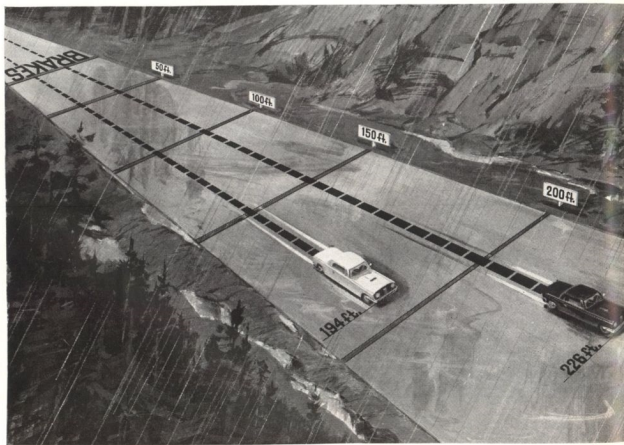
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TIME

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THE NATION

AMERICAN NOTES

Mental Health

The 7,000 members attending the annual convention of the American Psychiatric Association in San Francisco last week were less preoccupied with individual case histories than with the psychic condition of the nation. Most of them agreed that the patient is ill, and many shared the view of Dr. Seymour Halleck, who declared: "The No. 1 mental-health problem in our society is the Indochinese war."

Psychologist Kenneth Clark was originally scheduled as the main speaker but bowed out due to "hypertension." His replacement was Berkeley Political Scientist Sheldon Wolin, who argued that "The political life of this country is exhibiting unmistakable signs of derangement and systemic disorder. I would submit that the present crisis is the most profound one in our entire national history: more profound than either World War I or II, more profound than even the Civil War, and more profound than the struggle for national independence in the 18th century. In contrast to previous crises, the present one finds the country not only divided, confused, embittered, frustrated and enraged, but lacking the one vital element of self-confidence."

For all the disturbing, unattractive growth of protest and protesters, Wolin concluded, the need for reform becomes clear "if we think about how much it has taken to make modest progress in our racial problems, urban problems, environmental problems and the rest, how much it has taken to move this ponderous system ever so slightly." The A.P.A.'s trustees voted to spend the next two years studying violence, seeking alternatives "to preserve man from his own destruction."

Paranoia

Before their meeting concluded, the psychiatrists themselves showed some signs of societal stress. On the fourth day of the A.P.A. meeting, a group of Women's Liberation activists and Gay Liberation homosexuals invaded the convention hall. After a tussle with one member of Women's Lib, an eminent Boston psychiatrist said: "This lack of discipline is disgusting." He spot-diagnosed the woman as "a paranoid fool and a stupid bitch." Another woman took the floor and began relating her psy-

chiatric history. "The doctor likened me to a borderline schizophrenic," she cried in indignation. A psychiatrist in the audience called: "You're past the borderline now."

The Speculator

Three weeks ago, in a small effusion meant to buck up public confidence in the economy, President Nixon told a group of businessmen: "Frankly, if I had any money, I'd be buying stocks right now."

The President was talking, of course, about a long-term investment. But if he had invested, say, \$10,000 of his money in stocks the day he spoke, then by Thursday of last week, calculating on the basis of the value of an average share on the New York Stock Exchange, he would have been \$617 poorer. Such are the vagaries of the market, however, that after the next day's rally, he would have regained \$177, but still have been down \$440.

Let Them Eat Foie Gras

"Revolution," Chairman Mao warns in his little red book, "is not a dinner party." But at least some would-be revolutionaries disagree. About 30 of Paris' increasingly troublesome Maoists mounted a daylight raid on Fauchon's, the epicurean grocery that boasts the Duke of Windsor among its regular customers. Wearing red handkerchiefs and armed with clubs, the raiders poured into Fauchon and began shoveling *foie gras* and caviar into the pockets of their combat jackets. The staff organized a counterattack against the gourmet guerrillas. When the Maoists had been driven out, the floor was awash in vintage wine and pear brandy. Next day young Maoists, sweeping into the slums of Ivry-sur-Seine and Nanterre and a shantytown near Bugnolet, grandly distributed tins of *foie gras truffé*, caviar, *pâté en croûte*, *marrons glacés*, and *grand cru* to wash it down.

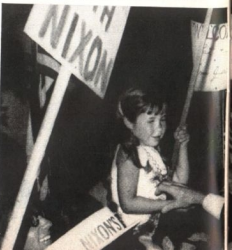
Will American radicals be inspired by this example? However earnest their ideological point, the French Robin Hoodlums executed a happening of at least some wit, an anarchistic tribute to gaiety and appetite. In some ways, the expedition savored of Yippie humor, but American radicals, with their self-consciously proletarian styles, seem unlikely to add it to their arsenal of assault. Picture Abbie Hoffman doling out TV dinners and Fresca in Harlem.



DEAD LOOTER IN AUGUSTA, GA.



INJURED PROTESTER IN COLUMBIA, S.C.



Nixon's Campaign for Confidence

NORMALLY, they seem aloof. Since the Cambodian intervention and the Kent State killings, Administration figures have been more visible and voluble. Last week they were still receiving student delegations, appearing on TV, granting press conferences and private briefings, conferring with Congressmen, labor leaders—and even each other.

The Administration is out to make a case. It wants exoneration from charges of widening the war, usurping congressional prerogatives, failing to understand or communicate sufficiently with the young, isolating the President from even his own Cabinet members, provoking dissenters with abrasive rhetoric. However insensitive the Administration may have been recently, by last week it had grasped one essential. Richard Nixon's credibility as a calm, competent guardian of the commonweal had come into question. Thus the Administration was trying hard to restore confidence without changing basic policies or attitudes.

Trigger Fingers. It is no easy undertaking, given the mood of the nation. Moderate dissenters must be made to see at least a puff of peace-pipe smoke, while the crazies and burners and the would-be revolutionaries must not get even a burnt match. The solid core of loyalists, still the majority, still Nixon's mainstay of the moment and hope for the future, must not be offended in the process. Finally, Hanoi must not get the impression that Nixon is politically crippled like Lyndon Johnson was.

Protean as the President's efforts have been, they have not been altogether convincing. Nixon called the state and territorial Governors to the White House to talk about "current matters before us regarding both foreign and domestic matters." There was no discussion about controlling National Guard trigger fingers. Nixon defended his Cambodian

strategy at length. He and Henry Kissinger also chatted informally with Governors Robert McNair of South Carolina, John Love of Colorado, and John Dempsey of Connecticut. On short notice, Nixon dropped in on a meeting of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council, a body that has always been staunch in its support of the war. So it is still, and Nixon took the occasion to report the "enormous success" of the Cambodia venture.

The expedition was uncovering large caches of enemy supplies (see *THE WORLD*). But both Secretary of State William Rogers and Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird, in talks with newsmen, conceded that it would take some time to prove just how much the foray had accomplished. "We're going to know by the end of June," Rogers told a press conference. "See where we are in July and August," said Laird. As battlefield action in Cambodia sharpened—the venture had cost 140 American lives through last week—Laird and Rogers tried to accentuate the peaceful. Laird predicted that by July 1971 South Vietnamese rather than Americans would be handling all the major combat in Viet Nam. Both men reaffirmed the Administration's pledge that U.S. forces would withdraw from Cambodia by the end of next month. In fact, some units began to move out last week.

But war critics worried that the South Vietnamese would stay in Cambodia after a U.S. pullout, as South Viet Nam's leaders asserted, and that the U.S. would remain involved in order to furnish logistical support. With both U.S. and South Vietnamese energies thus diverted, would Vietnamization and U.S. withdrawals from Viet Nam be slowed? Laird and Rogers denied it, but not so categorically as to dispel all doubts. Rogers, for instance, refused to rule out future air strikes in Cambodia. Nor did the Administration quarrel with Senator John Stennis's argument against

congressional restraints on U.S. military action in Cambodia (see *following story*).

At home, the modulated tone predominated. Spiro Agnew was playing his own close game. He spent last week almost silently, though he promised to make no "unilateral withdrawal" from the verbal battlefield. A number of Cabinet members continued to take relatively conciliatory lines toward the opposition. Attorney General John Mitchell told a group of Philadelphia public and parochial-school pupils that "unrest represents dissent, and dissent is a good thing because it brings change in our society. But it must be done in an attitude of respect for the rights of others." But in talking to some Duke University students, Mitchell stressed the associations between a few prominent antiwar leaders and foreign Communists.

Cool It, Wally. In private conversation, John Ehrlichman and Bob Haldean, two of the White House staffers closest to Nixon, were taking the pre-Kent State line: Agnew has the right idea, the campuses are out of control; Secretary of the Interior Walter Hickel is merely frustrated about his department programs. Hickel had written his now famous letter to the President the week before; last week, on CBS's *Sixty Minutes*, he explained that his efforts to see Nixon after writing the letter had been turned aside by a White House aide who dismissed the Kent State protests with, "Cool it, Wally—this will all blow over in 24 hours."

The announced guests in the oval office seemed to have been selected to erase that image of insensitivity and show the President is indeed listening to all sorts of people. Daniel Patrick Moynihan and his domestic concerns had a hearing before the Chief, as did George Romney, Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, Donald Rumsfeld, Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity, and Alexander

GREETING AT KEY BISCAWNE



McNAIR, LOVE, KISSINGER, NIXON, DEMPSEY



Heard, the President's temporary new adviser on campus affairs.

That legal maneuver was hardly calculated to quiet dissent. Most of the protest, though, was aimed at Southeast Asia. The outcry was so intense that the Administration seemed to have reduced its room for military maneuver rather than extended it. McGeorge Bundy argued convincingly last week that the Cambodian action has been so rending that Nixon would not dare undertake anything like it again without congressional approval. Former Defense Secretary Clark Clifford, in a LIFE article appearing this week, took a sterner line toward the Administration and what he called Nixon's "curious obsession about Viet Nam and Southeast Asia." Clifford proposed 1) cessation of American combat activity by Dec. 31 and withdrawal of all military personnel by the end of 1971 at the latest, 2) U.S. avoidance of all offensive operations except those necessary to protect American personnel and 3) even quicker liquidation of the American presence if a cease-fire and certain other items can be agreed upon. More than 1,000 New York City lawyers were organizing an antiwar lobbying effort, and a similar move was under way among scholars in Asian affairs.

Lethal Attack. Campus unrest continued in assorted forms, much of it politically oriented but with violence all too prevalent. The University of South Carolina at Columbia was the scene of skirmishing between youngsters and both police and National Guardsmen. Disorder in Jackson, Mississippi, at least partly related to antiwar sentiment, exploded with a salvo of police bullets that killed two young blacks and wounded at least twelve. In Augusta, Ga., a ghetto protest over the jailhouse death of a black youth led to a lethal police attack on looters.

Calm men like John Gardner and Earl Warren spoke of social disintegration and grave danger. Citing violations of civil rights, the war and an "atmosphere of repression" as among the major causes, Warren said that there has been no crisis "within the memory of living Americans which compares with this one." The national mood is roiled and apprehensive. Policemen and pro-Nixon workmen gave vent to their frustrations with the same vehemence as partisans on the other side.

The blood, the passion, the malaise of the country seemed to leave the Administration—and the President—wearied. On Thursday, Nixon took off for a weekend in Florida, where welcoming crowds at Homestead Air Force Base and the Key Biscayne presidential compound cheered him and cheered him up. Later, a group of University of Miami students appeared to chant "All we are saying is give peace a chance." Nixon claims that his Cambodian strategy is doing nothing less. Whatever the military progress, however, the price being paid at home is high.

Congress v. the President

THE more implacable Capitol Hill opponents of the Viet Nam War have for years sought—with no success—to turn the dispute into a conflict pitting Congress's authority to declare war v. the President's right as Commander in Chief to wage war. Now, because the Nixon Administration underestimated the domestic reaction to its Cambodian expedition, doves who have stressed constitutional arguments have the fulcrum they have been looking for.

By failing to inform Congress of his plans, Richard Nixon gained recruits for the opposition, particularly in the Senate. By overreacting to the challenge from a bipartisan group of antiwar Senators, the White House magnified the contest of wills into both a constitutional question and a personal test of confidence in Nixon's leadership. The President has much to lose and almost nothing to gain.

The Senate is the cockpit. This week it is due to vote on the first of two mea-

sures aimed at asserting Congress's role in making war—and peace. As approved 9 to 4 by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last week, the amendment would bar the expenditure of funds for U.S. combat activity in Cambodia after June 30. It would also prohibit financing of American personnel acting "directly or indirectly" in support of Cambodian forces either on Cambodian territory or in Cambodian airspace. The amendment, originally introduced by Republican John Sherman Cooper and Democrat Frank Church, had picked up an additional 30 cosponsors by last week, including Democratic Majority Leader Mike Mansfield and George Aiken, senior Republican on the Foreign Relations Committee.

A far more ambitious measure, drafted by Democrat George McGovern and Republican Mark Hatfield, would set a time limit on U.S. combat in South Viet Nam. As an amendment to the military procurement authorization bill, the

The Undelivered Speech

John Gardner, Republican, educator, once Health, Education and Welfare Secretary in a Democratic Administration, now chairman of the National Urban Coalition, had undertaken to speak about urban affairs. His forum: the Illinois Constitutional Convention, which is considering a new instrument of government for the state. But as the speech date approached, he decided instead to deal with the hotter subject of the nation's perils and potentials. When the convention president, Samuel Witwer, got an advance look at Gardner's speech, he invited his guest to substitute the address originally scheduled or cancel the appearance. The remarks Gardner wanted to give, said Witwer, constituted a "very serious rebuke" to Richard Nixon and "might well have jeopardized" the delegates' nonpartisan work. Gardner returned to Washington, released his speech, which, of course, got far more attention than it would have if delivered as scheduled. Excerpts:

A GREAT many informed Americans believe, justly or not, that the President is isolated, that he is not adequately exposed to reasonable opposing views. They believe that he has not offered the level of moral leadership which we so need. They believe that he has given undue sanction to members of his Administration who seem committed to divisive courses of action.

The President has two and three-quarter years remaining before the end of his term. It is essential that in those years the nation be governed by a man who is in touch with all segments of American opinion, a man who understands that people in power usually have deep complicity in their own isolation. But I am not interested in indicting the President, because I believe that virtually all of us have failed in our duty as Americans. While each of us pursues his selfish interest and comforts himself by blaming others, the nation disintegrates. I use the phrase soberly: the nation disintegrates.

The crisis in confidence is deepened by the divisiveness that afflicts the na-

tion. We have seen hatred and rage, violence and coercion at both ends of the political spectrum. And matching the violent deeds we have had provocative and ill-considered statements from those in high places.

One might suppose that as extremists become inflammatory, moderates would close ranks and oppose them. Just the opposite is occurring. The moderates begin to take sides against one another. It must be said that most of them have a secret complicity in the activities of the extremist. The moderate conservative does not explicitly approve of police brutality, but something in him is not displeased when the club comes down on the head of a long-haired student. The liberal does not endorse violence by the extreme left, but he may take secret pleasure in such action when it discomfits those in authority.

How does one hold the nation together? We must support leaders prepared to bring about constructive change. We must examine every one of our institutions to see where reform or

McGovern-Hatfield scheme would prevent the expenditure of any funds for U.S. military forces in Viet Nam after Dec. 31, except for one purpose: the "safe and systematic withdrawal" of remaining American units. Money would be cut off altogether after June 30, 1971, though continued aid to the South Vietnamese would be permitted. McGovern-Hatfield would also eliminate support for operations in Cambodia 30 days after the bill's enactment, and in Laos, by Dec. 31. A vote is expected next month.

No Confidence. The Administration vehemently opposes both the Cooper-Church and McGovern-Hatfield amendments. Last week in a closed meeting with G.O.P. Senators, Administration spokesmen argued that any restraint on the President would be a show of no confidence. Next day White House Press Secretary Ronald Ziegler stated Nixon's case strongly and publicly. "The White House feels," he said, "that there should be no restraint on the powers of the President as Commander in Chief, as stated by the Constitution. It is the role of

the Commander in Chief to protect the security of forces in the field."

That language might have been appropriate for combatting the sweeping McGovern-Hatfield provision, known as the "amendment to end the war." Actually, there is little chance that even the Senate, where antiwar sentiment is stronger than in the House, will enact the McGovern-Hatfield amendment in its present form. But the Ziegler blast was aimed at the more imminent and modest Cooper-Church measure on Cambodia.

Hence the White House statement widened a dispute that could have been minimized. The Republican Senate leadership was prepared to try to modify Cooper-Church to make it less restrictive. A variation drawn by Minority Leader Hugh Scott would change the amendment so that the President could send forces back into Cambodia if he found it necessary to do so—and if he consulted congressional leaders. After first encouraging this tactic, the White House backed away from it, much to Scott's embarrassment. Republican Sen-

ators were irate. Said New Jersey's Clifford Case: "If the President stands on his constitutional rights and seeks a confrontation, as his advisers indicate he will do, then God help the country!"

The constitutional issue is far less clear than it is held to be either by the White House or by antiwar leaders. Article II, Section 2 of the Constitution simply states: "The President shall be Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States..." The Constitution is silent regarding the President's powers to deploy forces. Article I, Section 8 gives Congress the authority "To declare War... To raise and support Armies... To provide and maintain a Navy; To make Rules for the Government and Regulation of land and naval forces." There is no reference to congressional participation in the direction of forces being used against a foreign adversary. Historically, Presidents have committed forces at their own discretion, as Woodrow Wilson did in Mexico, Truman in Korea and Johnson in the Dominican Republic. Congress has retained the final word as to the size and weaponry of the military establishment, thereby exercising an indirect check on how and where they could be used. Last year Congress went further by barring the introduction of U.S. ground-combat units in Laos and Thailand. Rather than object, the White House said that the restriction was in keeping with Administration policy.

Momentum. If the prohibition concerning Laos and Thailand was not an infringement of the President's power as Commander in Chief, then the constitutional argument concerning Cambodia would seem to be weakened. On the other hand, if restrictions on the President's flexibility were accepted as commonplace, they could proliferate to excess. Both law and common sense dictate that the President respond as quickly as necessary to threats to U.S. security. The air and nuclear age make it impossible for the President to seek congressional approval, formal or otherwise, in every contingency. Because the issues are gray in both legal and military terms, it might be more realistic and less confusing if both the doves and the President fore-sore the constitutional issue.

At stake really are politics and psychological momentum. In a period when he is besieged by protest, the President cannot afford an official Senate rebuke, even if the House modified it enough to make it meaningless in material terms. Also, Cooper-Church and McGovern-Hatfield serve as rallying points for the moderate majority of the protest movement. In the upcoming fall congressional elections, the way legislators voted on the amendments will also represent tests by which candidates may be judged on the war issue. From the Administration's viewpoint, then, it would have been far better to keep the amendments in perspective by arguing their merits, rather than inflate them into cosmic questions of power.

structural redesign will help them adapt to contemporary needs. We must isolate the small segment of our population who are practitioners of violence and coercion. We must reject leaders who exploit our fear and hatred.

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We neglect government. We scorn politics. No wonder we're in trouble! It is not just our young people who must recognize the value of the political process. Citizens generally should give far more attention to every phase of that process. Some should run for office. Some should engage in lobbying. Some should give money and time. Others should undertake to influence public opinion. It is precisely to the political process that we must turn to end the war in Southeast Asia.

At this moment, the war is the most divisive element in our national life. We cannot be—as the President so mistakenly believes—the "peacekeeper in the Asian world." The objectives should be to withdraw all U.S. forces from Cambodia now, avoid further escalation in any form [and] achieve an orderly termination of our presence in Viet Nam within one year.

The end of the war will be only the beginning of the healing of this nation. If Americans continue on their present path, their epitaph might well be that they were a potentially great people—a marvelously dynamic people—who forgot their obligations to one another. Here are minimum objectives:

► The redesign of government at all levels to create accountable and responsive institutions and processes.
► The elimination of poverty, hunger and deprivation and the achievement of equal opportunity in every aspect of American life.



JOHN GARDNER

- Immediate and far-reaching moves to protect the environment.
 - Improvements in education, in health care and in law enforcement and the administration of justice.
 - Sustained economic growth and the control of inflation.
 - A massive effort to rebuild physical America to accommodate the growth expected between now and the year 2000.
- We must recognize that each of us must give up something to save the nation. I may have to pay more taxes. The corporate president may have to spend more on pollution control. The suburban resident may have to temper his racial prejudices. The wage earner may have to loosen up access to his union. We have it in us to be a better people. It is a matter now of summoning the will to act.

DOES THE PRESIDENT REALLY KNOW MORE?

AMERICANS have a natural inclination to trust their President; the office makes him a kind of national *paterfamilias* endowed with special authority and wisdom. In any crisis, the instinct is to feel that the President knows best. When Richard Nixon undertook to send U.S. forces into Cambodia, one could hear the same response from Woonsocket to Wichita: *He knows more than we do, he must be right*. But does a President really have a great deal of special intelligence that is not available to the well-informed, concerned citizen? Sometimes yes, but often the extra facts a President knows are only marginally important.

Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs under Kennedy and Johnson, author of *To Move a Nation*, asserts: "The blunt truth is that the President knows very little that you and I don't know. And even that little extra is going to leak out sooner or later—more often sooner than later."

At the very start of the information-gathering process, there are inevitable limits. The subjectivity of intelligence agents can easily lead them to ask different questions and thus get differing answers from what is before them, whether the subject is a Viet Cong prisoner or a pile of captured documents. Hilsman argues that the intelligence pipeline is further bent because even good data gathered in the field pass through many channels before arriving at their destination. If the information was not digested, of course, it would be unmanageable. So at each step, it is scrutinized, interpreted, perhaps expanded, more often cut down. An error at one stage can become magnified in the result.

Also, the President must read what is laid before him with a calculating eye. If, for example, the source of one analysis is the CIA, Hilsman says, he must ask himself: "What axes is the agency grinding at that moment? What is the agency's response likely to be if the President ignores its advice? To whom will the information then be leaked? And at what price to the President?" A President may well get conflicting advice from the CIA, the Defense Department, the State Department, his White House foreign affairs advisers—but he must make a decision. He must do so knowing that anyone he ignores may leak his pique to the press. No President can impose total secrecy for long.

The Overeager Sonarman

John Kennedy learned skepticism about intelligence estimates—and how difficult it is to keep Government secrets—the hard way, from the Bay of Pigs. Eighteen months later, during the Cuban missile crisis, everyone well-connected in Washington knew something was afoot, but no one outside his inner circle was aware of what the reconnaissance photos showed until Kennedy made his announcement on television. Even so, J.F.K. once reflected: "I don't think the intelligence reports are all that hot. Some days I get more out of the New York Times."

During his conduct of the Viet Nam War, Lyndon Johnson often relied heavily on the counsel of his senior military and civilian advisers. Yet in 1966, he confessed: "I can't think of a thing I know that the press doesn't know right now. Oh, yes, some details, a few little secrets. But there isn't one important activity we are in that I haven't seen in the papers or on TV in some way." Even if Johnson's information—especially about Viet Nam—had not been colored by the special pleading of generals and diplomats who told him largely what he wanted to hear, it might have made little difference in what he did or the unhappy outcome of his Presidency.

The Tonkin Gulf incident in 1964 illustrates flaws not only in intelligence but also in Johnson's use of it. When challenged by headquarters, the commander of a two-destroyer

U.S. naval patrol that was supposedly attacked at night by North Vietnamese torpedo boats replied hesitantly: "Review of action makes many reported contacts and torpedoes fired appear doubtful. Freak weather effects and overeager sonarman may have accounted for many reports. No actual visual sightings." Washington insisted that it had independent confirmation of the attack, but it was a skinny reed on which Lyndon Johnson based the first U.S. air strikes against North Viet Nam and his successful request to Congress for *carte blanche* to send U.S. combat troops into South Viet Nam.

100 Pages a Day

When he needs it most, a President often finds himself least equipped with information. A former member of the Kennedy Administration contends that in the year before the Tonkin Gulf incident, the Administration found itself helpless when it needed to weigh the Buddhist uprisings that preceded the fall of Ngo Dinh Diem. In the pressure of crisis, the Government could find no experts who were capable of appraising why such an apparently trivial series of events came to have such overwhelming importance. While U.S. sophistication about Southeast Asia has inevitably grown since then, intelligence is still based on an uneven apparatus of informers and interpreters; it is a shaky foundation for any statesman to build on.

The President nonetheless has at his command the greatest information-gathering mechanism in the world. It is an untidy, ungainly monster. Cables by the thousands pour in daily to the Pentagon, the State Department and the CIA, in time of crisis or relative calm. In the Nixon Administration, the departments and agencies funnel their foreign intelligence through National Security Adviser Henry Kissinger. At roughly 9 o'clock each morning, he passes a 20-page summary on to the President, along with special memos of his own. During the day, Kissinger clips vital cables and forwards them to Nixon, sometimes hourly, sometimes even oftener. The total comes to as many as 100 typewritten pages a day. When any overseas situation heats up, there is a constant barrage of telephone calls between the oval office and Kissinger's basement headquarters. As Cambodia came to a crunch, Nixon met with the National Security Council, with his Washington Special Action Group, with Secretary of State Rogers, with Defense Secretary Melvin Laird, and countless times with Kissinger.

In making the Cambodian decision, TIME Washington Bureau Chief Hugh Sides reports, Nixon "knew the estimate of enemy troops on the other side. He had estimates of supplies that might be captured, of units operating there. He had timetables for the invasion before him. He had casualty estimates, appraisals of probable foreign response—everything he could need on the military and diplomatic side." Still, Nixon misjudged what the domestic political impact would be. But the White House contends that Nixon had to get into Cambodia in order to dispel a growing conviction in Hanoi that the U.S. would no longer answer any North Vietnamese initiative; Hanoi had come to feel that it could act without fear of reprisal, and that is why the U.S. moved.

If that was indeed the reason, rather than, for example, a desire to shore up the new Cambodian government before it toppled under Communist pressure, then Nixon's move was decided not so much by what he knew as by what he felt. Information is not knowledge; action upon any fact or concatenation of facts is an intellectual and even emotional process. Most Americans who say they back the President because he must know more are really pledging allegiance to his judgment, not to the mysteries contained in his top-secret file.



SAN JOSE STATE STUDENTS BEING BARBERED



BROPHY & YOUNG LOBBYISTS

The New Student Crusade: Working in the System

In some ways, it looked like the spring of 1968, when Eugene McCarthy piped his youthful armies across the nation. At Dartmouth College last week, Senior Peter Fogg had his long hair shorn and then set off to gather signatures for an antiwar petition in the New Hampshire countryside. At Princeton, students who had been selling McCarthy buttons two years ago pored over computer analyses of key congressional primaries and elections. The student union at UCLA became a chaos of committees, milling students, peanut-butter-and-jelly sandwiches, mimeographed broadsides and memos. Said the University of Southern California's President Norman Topping: "It's extraordinary. The feelings run deeper and cover a larger number of students than anything I've seen in my 18 years of experience here."

In startling numbers, the nation's students were returning to political action for the first time since they dispersed in bitterness after the bloody Chicago convention. While some young extremists were still sporadically fire-bombing ROTC offices, many thousands more coalesced in the new activist movement. It was in effect a rapidly formed, massive new lobby to coax or coerce change from the system. Some of the more vociferous radicals had at least temporarily muted their voices, but more important, the changed context of the Indochinese war and the Kent and Jackson State killings suddenly brought a new legion of moderate, previously uncommitted Americans, most of them students, into the antiwar movement. It was sometimes incongruous that in a baffled outrage over what they saw as expanded war abroad and increased repression at home, some of the young found a new

conviction that the system can be peacefully changed.

While the McCarthy crusade was aimed at the presidency, the new activists are concentrating on Congress. Strategies vary. Some groups, such as the Movement for a New Congress, are working to elect peace candidates in primaries and in the November elections. Started at Princeton two weeks ago at the suggestion of a young politics professor, New Congress already has twelve regional centers across the nation and affiliates at 280 campuses. Last week students were using a Princeton computer to analyze congressional-election results of the past ten years to choose districts where student help might swing an election. Among the first candidates chosen were four antiwar Democrats—Joseph Duffley for Senator in Connecticut, Norval Reece for Senator in Pennsylvania, Lewis Kaden for Congressman in New Jersey's 15th District and Nicholas Lamont in Pennsylvania's Third District. In the New Jersey race, more than 200 students are already canvassing for Kaden, a 28-year-old lawyer who is trying to unseat incumbent Edward Patten, a Democrat on the House Appropriations Committee.

Turning Off Mao. In New York's 14th Congressional District, about 150 high school and college students are at work canvassing through Brooklyn for Peter Eikenberry, an antiwar candidate fighting incumbent John J. Rooney, known to some of the students as "Superhawk." Says one volunteer who was arrested during Columbia's 1968 spring riots: "Students aren't interested in the S.D.S. rhetoric any more. We don't identify with their worker-student alliances or their Maoism. There's a very real difference between rhetoric and action on

the campus—kids talk radical and act liberal. Cambodia and Kent State have pushed the talkers into action, but it's not a conversion from left to right."

However, Stu Finer, a first-year student at Brooklyn Law School, underwent some kind of conversion in going to work for Eikenberry. "I considered myself really conservative," he says. "I probably would have voted for Nixon in '68, but I didn't register. Now, there is so much dissent, and Nixon doesn't seem to respond. I'm tired of just sitting back."

Some groups, such as the National Petition Committee, based at the University of Rochester, are designed to pressure Congress to exert itself against the war. The committee last week had gathered 140,000 signatures against the war; its goal is 20 million. Continuing Presence in Washington (C.P.W.), organized at Dartmouth, has set up a research and information headquarters in the capital. The group is installing a Teletype link to Dartmouth's central computer to keep track of congressional voting records and campaigns.

Fairly typical of some newly active students is Dartmouth Sophomore David Hazelett. Although he comes from a resolutely Republican family and favored Richard Nixon in 1968, Hazelett now describes himself as "a radical who is turned off by violence. By 'radical,' I mean we need radical solutions." Last week, as C.P.W. was getting organized, Hazelett was on Capitol Hill lobbying with Vermont Representative-at-Large Robert Stafford, a family friend. "A lot of Congressmen would take a different stand if they thought they'd have popular backing," says Hazelett. "We're trying to show them they would."

Some of the students took quick cram

courses in foreign affairs, even in how to make presentations. In a gesture reminiscent of the "Clean for Gene" McCarthy campaign, almost all of the lobbying students—including 1,000 from Yale and 2,000 law school students from across the nation—came neatly barbered, wearing coats and ties, to the Hill. Most students concentrated their attention on Representatives from their own districts, as with a group of North Carolinians who called on Congressman James T. Broyhill. The lobbyists generally received polite audiences with their Representatives, and even some assurances of support for antiwar measures. Only occasionally did they confront a member like Georgia's Benjamin Blackburn, who argued briefly with a University of Minnesota law student and then snapped:

MICHAEL ROSENBERG



BERKELEY STUDENT CANVASSING
Changed context, new commitments.

"Get out of my damn office." The primary aim of the lobbyists was to help along the Hatfield-McGovern amendment (see page 16), which would require withdrawal of all U.S. forces from Viet Nam by June 30, 1971.

Faculty-Student Unity. Across the nation, the new movement is improvising other, quasi-political methods of pressure. Some organized a drive to cash in U.S. savings bonds. Others are promoting a boycott of Coca-Cola—simply because the young are among its best customers. The new movement has largely united students and faculty on most of the nation's campuses, bringing an unprecedented communication between them. The Universities National Anti-War Fund, formed by a group of Harvard and M.I.T. professors, is asking faculty members throughout the U.S. to pledge at least one day's salary for the antiwar election drive.

The largest question about the new co-

alition is whether it can sustain such momentum. In one way, many of the nation's campuses have already been so transformed that students find it difficult to imagine a return to an earlier status quo. Reports Bill Alford, TIME's campus correspondent at Amherst: "With the exception of a few sheer crazies, the whole Amherst campus has moved so far to the left that the radicals have been swallowed up. Now the average guy here is saying things that would have got him beaten up on this very campus three years ago. A strong majority—about 80%—are opposed to the Indochinese war, and doubt that the U.S. Government has any intention of doing anything but staying in Asia and pumping it for all it is worth."

In a tactic guaranteed to promote activism, Princeton University has decided to recess classes for two weeks before the November elections so that students can work in congressional campaigns, and dozens of other colleges are devising similar arrangements. In the shorter range, however, the nation's schools will close soon—many are already shut down—and the dispersal of students will make organization much more difficult. If the President's Cambodian foray follows his scenario, U.S. troops will all be back in South Viet Nam by the time schools reopen, probably diminishing the movement's impetus. In addition, the drudgery of campaign work may soon discourage many volunteers. Last week a student working for Eikenberry complained: "I had no idea what total b----- politics is. First I checked petition names; then I put the phone number to contact on the student housing sheet to be mimeographed. The phone number didn't show up, so I had to write the thing out about 1,000 times. I was really turned off by all of it."

Last Chance. In public, most politicians welcome the students. Last week Democratic National Chairman Lawrence O'Brien set up a campaign clearinghouse to send volunteers' names to candidates with whom their views are compatible. But beneath their surface enthusiasm, many party professionals are skeptical. Some point out that Nixon defused the war as an issue once and might do so again, making many voters less receptive to the young activists. In most states, filing deadlines have passed, so that it is often too late to field a peace candidate where none exists. Candidates and campaign directors also fear that a backlash against protest will set in. Collegians pouring into a congressional district may cause resentment of "outsiders."

Still, the student movement could win some victories. It may be vital that it does, for the new spirit of moderation is drawn from a diminishing fund of patience. "If this working through the system doesn't work," says Brandeis University Student David Guc, "then who knows what the next step will be? This is sort of a last chance."

The Sudden Rising

They swaggered through Manhattan streets almost daily—sleeves rolled up, feisty grins on their faces, hoarsely chanting "U.S.A. all the way!" Their ranks were made up of hundreds of beefy construction workers in hardhats of plastic or metal, joined by longshoremen and blue-collar workers from a dozen other trades. Police kept the construction men well apart from spectators. Each time they marched in the financial district, the hardhats were showered with ticker tape, like national heroes.

Unsympathetic bystanders, cowed by the hardhats' display of muscle, concealed their feelings. They had good reason to. The week before, a gang of 200



CONSTRUCTION WORKERS
Like a priest or the pledge,

hardhats, equipped with U.S. flags and lengths of lead pipe, had waded into a crowd of antiwar students in Wall Street. Police, who later said they were outnumbered, stood by as some 70 peace demonstrators were beaten.

After the fracas in Wall Street the week before, last week's show of force by the hardhats remained free of violence—but only barely. During one parade on the Avenue of the Americas, Ironworker Thomas Francis Gibbon, 43, waded into a crowd on the sidewalk when he saw some onlookers flashing the V peace sign. Gibbon grabbed his crowbar from his side and shouted: "You goddam Commie bastards!" Brandishing the crowbar, he advanced on one man in a business suit, who chose to retreat. "You goddam coward!" Gibbon yelled after him. "You don't know what an American is!"

Almost overnight, "hardhats" became synonymous with white working-class

of the Hardhats

conservatives, already familiar among George Wallace's 1968 supporters. Much of the hardhats' anger was aimed at Mayor John Lindsay, the object of bitter blue-collar scorn during his re-election campaign last year because of his patrician style and his seeming over-friendliness to blacks. Some of the new outrage against Lindsay arose because he had managed to have the city hall flag lowered in honor of the Kent State dead.

One sign, conceived in an earthy moment of beer-hall bonhomie, read: LINDSAY DROPS THE FLAG MORE TIMES THAN A WHORE DROPS HER PANTS. While there were no comparable

PAUL DENARIS—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS



MARCH ON LOWER BROADWAY
the flag is a roof over all the rooms.

uprisings elsewhere in the country, the rebellion of the hardhats seemed only the surface of a resentment that doubtless runs deep across the nation.

Bedfellowship. James Lapham is a 27-year-old electrician with an unusual background: he is about to start work on a Ph.D. thesis in European history at St. John's University, Queens. "This isn't the '30s," he explained. "Labor is middle class and has middle-class attitudes. We don't like students coming to tell us that everything that has made us that way is rotten and has to be destroyed." Lapham was at the head of one midtown rally last week. "The basic agreement among the workers is a protest against a small elite group who are bent on changing things regardless of majority opinion," he said later. "If the majority supports the President, then that vote should be accepted."

The note of hardhat solidarity with the nation's rulers was sounded often.

WE SUPPORT NIXON AND AGNEW, one sign read; GOD BLESS THE ESTABLISHMENT. The strange bedfellowship was not lost on Peter Brennan, head of Greater New York's Building and Construction Trades Council. "We're supporting the President and the country," said Brennan, "not because he's for labor, because he isn't, but because he's our President, and we're hoping that he's right." A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany drew a similar distinction: he backed Nixon on Cambodia, but attacked the President's management of the economy. New York's Brennan argued that the U.S. "must have an honorable peace, not walk out like Chamberlain did."

Last week's counter-protesters in New York showed an almost mystical respect for the flag: decals bedecked the helmets of construction workers; one skyscraper going up on Broadway sprouted flags by the dozens on its steelwork, including an immense Old Glory lit up at night. Said John D'Anella, 57, an RCA technician: "Maybe the students are smarter than we are, but they have no right to burn down buildings. We love our flag. We love our country. If they destroy the flag, they are destroying our way of life." Across the generation gap, Tom Woods, a 19-year-old elevator construction worker, agreed. "The flag—it's like a priest or the pledge of allegiance," said Woods. "It's like the flag is the roof, and under it are all the rooms."

Dropped Curtain. Patriotism aside, as these men see it, the students are throwing away educational opportunities that the hardhats never had themselves and may not even be able to offer their children. While paychecks have risen to the point where construction men are the best paid in U.S. labor, inflation has left them little better off in relative economic status, and unemployment is a nagging threat. Unlike the liberally led automobile workers, the hardhats dig in deep when threatened: last year they protested, sometimes violently, at efforts to increase the number of blacks in the building trades at Pittsburgh and Chicago.

They are not an utterly united front. One black carpenter, a World War II veteran, denounced his parading brethren as "make-believe patriots and cowards." Another construction worker called the marchers "storm troopers," and asserted that one contractor had offered his men cash bonuses to take part in the Wall Street head-busting.

The hardhats were not alone in their hostility to the specter of anarchy raised by rioting in the ghettos and on the campuses. So far, the right certainly has been less violent than the left, but the fact that citizens are bashing citizens augurs ill. Actress Shelley Winters found that after making a couple of short curtain speeches against the Kent State killings, stagehands surrounded her and threatened to drop the curtain on her head if she did it again. "They were not kidding," Shelley said.

"Don't Get Me Wrong"

Dressed in overalls, Wallace Butenhoff, 43, an \$8-an-hour sheet metal worker, carried a large U.S. flag in a march from Wall Street to city hall last week. Afterwards Butenhoff, a World War II veteran, talked to TIME Correspondent Len Levitt:

I'm tired, all right, but I'd do it again because I think we're doing right for the country. Look, Nixon is our President. We've got to show him he has backing. We may not agree with him, but we have to back him.

I'm not against the students. They have a right to dissent. I hear they are going to Washington to lobby, and I think that's good. That's the way it should be done. But we just can't let them burn down buildings the way

MARTHA HOLMES



WALLACE BUTENHOFF

they do. We can't let them close down colleges. What about the kids who want to go? We have to stop them before there's nothing left.

Yes, I was involved with those students [in the Wall Street fighting]. There's not a man among us who is proud of what he did. But we just couldn't stand there and take it any more. They were waving Viet Cong flags. Some of them spit on our flag. It was just a spontaneous reaction on our part. Look, there were a lot of World War II and Korean veterans there. Some 18-year-old punk does that—what does he expect?

Don't get me wrong. Don't think we're for war. No one is. My little guy, ten years old, asked me the other day, "Daddy, do I have to go to war when I'm 18?" And I told him, "I hope not, son." Believe me, I don't want the war. But we elected Nixon and we have to back him. Otherwise America will become a second-rate power. If we leave Viet Nam now, we're no longer a first-rate nation. That's all there is to it.

The South: Death in Two Cities

Reverberations of the gunfire that killed four students at Kent State still hung in the air last week. In quick succession in two Southern cities, eight blacks were killed by policemen. Two were students in Jackson, Miss. Six died in the streets of Augusta, Ga., amid an orgy of burning and looting. Blacks were quick to note that these deaths failed to draw the headlines or rouse the nation's conscience on the scale of the Kent State killings, and most were bitter. One explanation is that there is a limit to a nation's ability to sustain outrage. And in Augusta, the issue was clouded: looters need not be shot, but they are not innocent. But it must also be admitted that somehow violence against blacks, especially in the South, has a familiar ring. There is a reproachful measure of justice in the anger felt by black Americans, who still find themselves even second-class martyrs, subsidiary victims. The following stories describe the events in the two cities.

Jackson: Kent State II

It was just a little over a week after Kent State and the same volatile ingredients were once again present. A tense college campus. A mob of angry, jeering students provoking a line of nervous armed peace officers. Rumors of snipers. The crash of rocks and bottles. And suddenly some signal triggering an atavistic convulsion brought on an unexpected eruption of gunfire. Finally, the youthful bodies, bleeding on the smooth campus lawn. The scene this time was Mississippi's predominantly black Jackson State College.

Generally Restive. Jackson State, a coed school of 4,557 about a mile from the state capital, had been generally restive over fears that black graduates would soon be at the mercy of white draft boards. Rock-throwing violence had flared Wednesday night, and 500 National Guardsmen were standing by off the campus.

The following evening a fire truck responding to a trash fire on the campus was stoned. One unsubstantiated report said that a sniper had shot at the truck. Around midnight, police received complaints that a crowd of blacks at the campus was stoning passing cars. When 75 city and state highway policemen marched up in front of the modern glass-and-brick Alexander Hall, a women's dormitory, they were met by a crowd of 100 jeering men throwing rocks and bottles.

Police said that someone shot at them from the dormitory. Jack Hobbs, a television newsman for WJTV, said: "I heard what sounded like a shot. In a split second something zinged past my ear and ricocheted off a fence behind me." But Hobbs, facing the dormitory, nevertheless said he could not be sure that the shot came from there. Students deny that anyone among them fired, contending that police opened fire without warning.

An unidentified officer yelled "Ladies and gentlemen!" and as if on cue, the police let loose at the crowd with shotguns, pistols and rifles. They raked the building and the squirming students on the ground. One student said that those in front of the dormitory "were trying to get inside. Blood was everywhere." Another, Red Wilson Jr., who was hit in the leg, recalled: "I was standing in



DORM WINDOW AT JACKSON STATE
Indiscriminate gunfire.

front of the dorm. All I could think of was to start running and I got hit. Nobody had a chance." The firing continued for 35 seconds; about 150 shots were fired. Then someone yelled "Cease fire!" and the shooting stopped.

When it was over, two students lay dead: Phillip L. Gibbs, 21, a Jackson State student and the father of an infant son, and James Earl Green, a high school student and track star. Twelve other students were wounded.

Sniper Fire. Police at first stoutly maintained that they had evidence of sniper fire, but later refused all comment. Whether they had evidence or not, the officers went far beyond simple crowd control or self-defense. Even though rocks and bottles were thrown at the officers, this provided no sound reason for the wholesale raking of a crowd with gunfire. The police apparently had come armed only for shooting and had no less lethal equipment.

No tear gas was used; there was no warning given to the crowd. Their shotguns were loaded with deadly 00 buckshot rather than anti-riot birdshot. They also showed little hesitation to use their weapons; the five-story building was spattered indiscriminately with gunfire from top to bottom. Every window on that end of the dorm was shattered. No effort had been made to fire warning shots or shoot over the crowd's heads.

Black College President John Peoples Jr. shut down the school for the remainder of the term, angrily declaring that "this will not go unavenged." Jackson's white mayor Russell Davis appointed a biracial commission to look into the incident. The Justice Department dispatched federal investigators to Jackson, and Attorney General John Mitchell said he would go there personally. At week's end the tense campus had been vacated by state police and was being patrolled by city police and the National Guard. Stung by criticism of trigger-happy Guard action at Kent State, patrolling Guard officers in Jackson announced that none of their weapons were loaded.

Augusta: Race Riot No. 1

It was a classic confrontation of blacks v. cops, vintage Watts and Newark. At its height, bands of angry blacks roamed the ghetto streets, smashing, burning and looting. Flames from some 50 fires cast an orange glow in the night sky, while the crackle of gunfire, the screams of police and fire sirens tore the air. During the night, six blacks died from gunshot wounds; all of them had been hit in the back. Scores more were injured, three critically, and hundreds were arrested. The first race riot of the '70s had come to Augusta, Ga.

In its wake, the city of 70,000 lay divided by fear and hatred. Rumors circulated through the ghetto that five of the dead had been shot repeatedly and at close range by police using private weapons to avoid identification. Police Chief Broadus Bequest's refusal to meet next day with either black leaders or members of the press to refute the charges against the police only added to the speculation and rumor. At week's end a dusk-to-dawn curfew was still in effect, and 1,000 National Guardsmen, their nameplates covered with tape, patrolled the ghetto area, bayonets fixed and dry ammunition at the ready.

The catalyst for the riot was an approved march on Augusta's city hall last Monday to protest the killing of 16-year-old Charles Oatman in the county jail. Oatman had been beaten to death in his cell two days before, and the authorities had charged two of his black cellmates with murder. But there was hardly a black in Augusta who did not hold the police responsible for allowing the killing to take place. Once the crowd of 300 reached the marble-faced county building in downtown Augusta, the demonstrators began to turn ugly. First they ripped the Georgia state flag from

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AUGUSTA IN FLAMES
Haunting memories of Watts and Newark.

its standard and burned it. Then they marched the two blocks to Broad Street, the city's main shopping district, and began surging in and out of stores, jostling counters and picking up merchandise. By the time they reached Augusta's 130-block ghetto, where most of the city's 34,000 blacks live in crowded one- and two-story unpainted frame houses, their numbers had increased to 700, and the disturbance was completely out of control.

Riot Guns. The police, taken unawares and unprepared, took their response from a page of the riot manual of the early '60s. First they underreacted, allowing the march to become a mob and the mob to become milling looters. When firebombing began, they arrived in force with riot guns and tear gas. Sniper fire was reported—though not a single officer or even a police vehicle can show a scratch—and the official shooting was on.

Charles Reid, a member of a special mayor's committee for easing tensions in the ghetto, reported seeing one suspected looter shot repeatedly in the back by a black policeman and his white partner. By mid-evening, Chief Bequest was asking for outside help to bolster his 130-man force, and Governor Lester Maddox responded by sending in 100 state troopers and 200 members of the Georgia National Guard; another 1,000 Guardsmen arrived the following day. By morning, most of the violence was over.

The Augusta riot was not, of course, the result of the miserable prison conditions that led to the death of Charles Oatman, although a local committee had asked for a Justice Department investigation of the police and the jail sys-

tem last December. As the blacks see it, it was the ultimate explosion of long-smoldering injustices and repressions. "I stood right here in this courthouse three months ago and told them it was coming, and they said it couldn't happen here," said Leon Larue, a local black leader.

Never Here. The home of the prestigious Augusta National Golf Club, site of the Masters golf tournament, Augusta appears on the surface, at least, a comfortable, if not rich community. But behind the façade exists an impoverished and thoroughly discouraged inner core of poor blacks. More than two-thirds of the city's ghetto dwellers live on incomes of less than \$3,000 a year, while a quarter of the black adults are rated as functional illiterates (less than five years' schooling). Blacks insist that their greatest problem is a lack of good job opportunities. Though four blacks sit on the 16-man city council, there are but

five in white-collar municipal jobs. The situation in private industry is little better: educated blacks feel they are unable to get jobs and salaries commensurate with their abilities.

Augusta's whites are generally complacent and self-satisfied about race relations. "We've always had harmonious relations between the races," says Mayor Millard A. Beckum, who after the riots talked of "protecting the good image, the good name and good people of Augusta." Says Sydney Felt, a retired New York merchant: "I never thought this could happen here."

Maddox at War. Governor Maddox, on the other hand, seemed not the least bit surprised that the riot took place during his tenancy in the statehouse. In fact, he seemed to enjoy the opportunity to dash around the state making inflammatory speeches reminiscent of his ax-handle-wielding days. Early in the week he called the riot a "Communist conspiracy," but later attributed it to the Black Panthers as well. He told a cheering rally of 800 law-enforcement officers in Fort Valley, Ga., that he would fire any patrolman he saw who did not "floor" any abusive demonstrator. Said Maddox: "We're in a war at home. So when you're on the field of battle and someone shoots you down, on the way down—if you get a chance—you kill him, don't you?"

As long as the Guard units remain in place, there probably will not be any further major outbreaks in Augusta. Now must begin the difficult task of putting the broken city back together. In partial compliance with black demands, Mayor Beckum has freed 200 of the 390 who were arrested during the riot and agreed to meet with black leaders to explore means of creating additional avenues of black participation in city government. Black leaders, for their part, presented the city with a Georgia state flag to replace the one burned on Monday. Late in the week, autopsies revealed that all six dead men had been shot in the back by 00 shotgun pellets rather than pistol fire, and the Justice Department began an investigation into whether any of the men's civil rights had been violated.

How to Keep Order Without Killing

FOUR at Kent State. Then six in Augusta, Ga. and two in Jackson, Miss. All dead because of the indiscriminate—and unnecessary—use of mass firepower by armed officers and troops trying to control destructive, or disorderly crowds. In each case a basic tenet of all enforcement agencies was violated: apply the minimum amount of force required to accomplish the objective. In an age of mounting civil dissent, many more such situations seem inevitable, raising the question: How can mobs be controlled without killing anyone?

The avoidance of death in most cases is simple: hold fire. Except to stop snipers, shooting to kill can rarely be justified. Even then, the Army, National Guard units and police departments instruct their men to first locate the source of the sniper fire, and to return it only by the pinpoint, one-shot-at-a-time marksmanship of a trained rifleman. Laying down a fusillade, Army military police are told, "accomplishes nothing constructive and creates hostility among innocent bystanders," even if none are wounded or killed. A sniper can often be silenced by surrounding his posi-

tion and forcing him out with tear gas.

One of the clearest general guides to handling civil disorders is that of the U.S. Army. It places "full firepower" at the end of six escalating levels of force to be employed in riot situations—and then only when failure to use it would lead to the "imminent overthrow of the Government, continued mass casualties, or similar grievous conditions." The first need, the Army emphasizes, is to present a strong "show of force." By that is meant the presence of enough soldiers to convince a crowd that it can be overpowered. Even then, progressive steps for displaying force are urged. They range from keeping rifles in their slings, to fixing sheathed bayonets, then removing the sheaths, to finally placing

of force and the use of guns. It cited as one approach the practice of arming some Hong Kong police with guns that fire wooden pegs. Other possibilities would be the use of tranquilizer darts and the spraying of slippery foam. Nothing much has come of such research; yet the need for something more effective than tear gas and less deadly than bullets is increasingly an urgent necessity. Meanwhile, what seems to be needed most is better training, especially for young National Guardsmen, and more discipline among all lawmen who must contend with frightening and maddening confrontations in streets and on campuses. Many lives could be saved if armed officers were to follow conscientiously the general principles outlined

what happened in the predawn raid that took the lives of Panthers Fred Hampton, 21, and Mark Clark, 22.

Even so, the 249-page report is a devastating condemnation of the entire law-enforcement handling of the affair. In light of the actions of the state's attorney's men who conducted the raid and the officials who investigated it, concluded the jury, there is "reasonable basis for public doubt of their efficiency or even their credibility." Among the findings:

► The raid on the Panthers was "not professionally planned or properly executed." Police were heavily armed, but without tear gas or portable lights to decrease casualties. Sergeant Daniel Groth, who led the raid, rejected the standard approach of asking the Panthers to come out peacefully before opening fire.

► The investigation immediately following the raid was riddled by repeated errors. According to the sergeant in charge, it "was conducted not to obtain all the available evidence but to try to establish the authenticity of the account given by the raiding officers." Police said that they had shot a minimum of ten to 15 times into the dark apartment; FBI evidence showed that they had riddled it with between 82 and 99 shots. Though police said that the Panthers fired first and resisted with heavy gunfire, the study indicated that the Panthers got off only a single shot.

Under cross-examination, Chicago Police Captain Harry Ervian, who ran the Internal Inspections Division, admitted that "this was a very bad investigation." The night before the report was released, Ervian and two other policemen were demoted, apparently as a result of the controversy.

Fear and Tension. The grand jury found that the raid had grown out of police fears of a Panther menace "totally out of proportion to the minuscule number of members." It offered its own possible explanation: "That in the darkness and the excitement, [police] mistakenly attributed to the occupants the fire of other officers." Concluded the report: "A careful analysis of the testimony shows the way such mistakes could be made, and is even more credible if one considers the natural fear, confusion and tension that each must have felt." The Panthers claim that the police were on a deliberate murder foray.

The grand jury findings left strong evidence to the case that it was the police—and not the Panthers—who shot first. Yet the jury was unable to return any indictments against the 14 policemen in the raid, largely because the seven surviving Panthers refused to testify before the predominantly white federal grand jury. They seemed to prefer propagandizing their martyrs. "The grand jury is forced to conclude that [the Panthers] are more interested in the issue of police persecution than they are in obtaining justice," the report said. "Perhaps revolutionary groups simply do not want the legal system to work."



PENNSYLVANIA GUARDSMEN IN RIOT CONTROL TRAINING

Almost anything is better than shooting.

one round of ammunition in the chambers of the rifles.

The next level of force includes various riot formations, a general principle of which is to always leave a mob a clear exit as troops advance to clear an area. New York City's Tactical Patrol Force has effectively used wedge formations in which officers advanced to divide a crowd with nightsticks held low.

Shoot to Wound. The U.S. Army advises use of fire hoses as a next step, if needed. Tear gas, now widely used as almost the first step by many agencies, is considered a fourth-level tactic by the Army. After that comes the use of fire by selected marksmen, shooting at well-defined targets, and finally volley fire. Even then, such fire should be aimed low to wound, rather than to kill.

After the race riots of 1967, the National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders urged that a crash program of research be undertaken by the Federal Government to develop nonlethal weapons, which could more effectively bridge the gap between a strong show

in a booklet all Ohio National Guardsmen are expected to carry in their pockets when on riot duty. "The keynote of all operations aimed at the curtailment of civil disorder is *restraint*," it says. "The well-trained, disciplined soldier is capable of dealing successfully with civil disorder if he and his leaders use sound common sense."

BLACK PANTHERS

Questions Remain

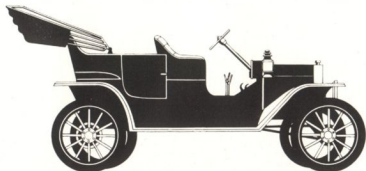
The police raid on a Black Panther apartment in Chicago last December has become a *cause célèbre*. Police claimed that they were attacked as they sought to enter the apartment, whereas Panthers claimed that the two of their number who were killed had been more or less passive victims. Last week a federal grand jury wound up its investigation by citing "the irreconcilable disparity between the accounts given by the officers and the physical evidence." The results were inconclusive, since they failed to clear up the vital questions of just

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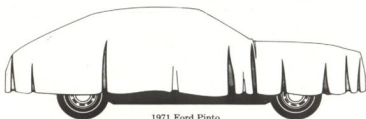
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4-cylinder engine, 20 horsepower, price \$850, resale value today \$8000.

1970-Ford's Pinto.

A statement from Henry Ford II.

"In September we will introduce a new small car in the United States and Canada. The car will be named Pinto. As far as I am concerned, the Pinto is the new Model T—but you can get this one in a variety of colors, anything from Pinto Gold to Model T Black. The first Model T stood for sensible, simple motoring in my grandfather's day. But many people forget that it was also lively and easy to handle and fun to drive. This new version of the Model T stands for the same things. When we started on

the Pinto, I pointed out that the market needed the best little car dollar for dollar and pound for pound that Ford has ever built. I told our people that I thought it should be simple, sensible, low priced, light, lively, durable and reliable. The Model T lasted virtually unchanged for 19 years and with that in mind I felt we should try to accomplish the same objective with the Pinto. Any changes in the Pinto will be aimed at making it a better car, and not just different looking."



1971 Ford Pinto
Surprising details to come.



...has a better idea
(we listen better)

THE WORLD

Cambodia: Now It's 'Operation Buy Time'

AT first, Richard Nixon described the Cambodian venture in apocalyptic terms—as a test of “our will and character” and a measure to win “a just peace in Viet Nam and in the Pacific.” Last week, the billing was scaled down considerably. During a meeting with state Governors at the White House, the President remarked almost offhandedly: “I suppose you could call this ‘Operation Buy Time.’”

By that, Nixon meant buying time for Vietnamization to prove a success, a goal that becomes especially important in view of his promise to pull U.S. forces out of combat entirely by July 1971. Just as the President was scaling down his rhetoric, the Cambodian operation seemed to be developing into a struggle not just for the Cambodian border sanctuaries, but for a sizable piece of the nation of 7,000,000. And South Viet Nam, which has not been notably successful in fighting its own war, seemed determined to play the lead role.

As some 5,500 G.I.s were withdrawn from operations in Cambodia, 2,000 ARVN (for Army of the Republic of Viet Nam) troops launched Operation Pacific West Two, the tenth thrust to date against Communist base areas. Elsewhere, the new war reached far beyond the sanctuaries. In the Gulf of Siam, U.S. and South Vietnamese patrol craft extended their coastal quarantine to a 70-mile stretch of the Cambodian coastline. At Neak Luong, South Vietnamese Marines and helicopter troops recaptured the vital Mekong River ferry crossing in a battle that left 139 Communists dead. Farther up the

Mekong, North Vietnamese and Viet Cong troops were making determined stands. And north of the border, the Communists were putting so much pressure on Laos that a spokesman in Vientiane said it might become “a necessity” to ask South Vietnamese troops to help “clean up” the country.

No Deadline. U.S. troops have been ordered to clear out of Cambodia by June 30. While the White House says that it expects the South Vietnamese to follow suit, there is no guarantee that they will do so. “I have no deadline,” said President Nguyen Van Thieu. And, he added, his troops would enter Cambodia “again and again, if necessary.” Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky was equally outspoken. Resplendent in black flying suit and purple scarf, Ky helicoptered into Neak Luong and told newsmen that ARVN troops would remain in Cambodia for “at least months.” When the Cambodians “can fight the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong by themselves, we will go home,” said Ky, sounding like a U.S. general discussing Vietnamization.

Publicly at least, the Cambodians insist that they do not want the South Vietnamese roaming around their country indefinitely. Cambodia’s Deputy Premier Prince Sirik Matak, who with Premier Lon Nol and Foreign Minister Yem Sambour formed the troika that ousted Prince Norodom Sihanouk, told TIME Correspondent Louis Kraar: “After the sanctuaries are destroyed and after the end of June, we do not want foreign troops on our soil. It will be our task to chase the Communists away.”

Despite such statements, Lon Nol’s regime did not seem at all reluctant to accept help from its neighbors. Though U.S. forces have been told not to venture more than 21.7 miles into Cambodia, the South Vietnamese are observing no such limitation. By this week, ARVN forces were expected to be within three miles of Phnom-Penh. In the capital itself, a South Vietnamese diplomatic envoy was installed last week, pending the formal restoration of diplomatic ties after a seven-year break. Sambour was in Bangkok discussing the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with Thailand, severed since 1961. In Saigon, Thieu called for a formal alliance of South Viet Nam, Cambodia, Laos and Thailand to wage a “joint anti-Communist fight” and “shorten the war.”

Huge Hauls. Whether the Cambodia venture will prove successful enough to shorten the war is, of course, the subject of intense debate. With the operation less than three weeks old, however, U.S. military men in Saigon and the Pentagon alike were already reporting that their huge hauls of Communist supplies would set the enemy back by anywhere from four to six months. In the Parrot’s Beak and Fishhook areas, G.I.s put down their M-16s and picked up clipboards to inventory the mountains of matériel the Communists had left behind. Some officers fretted that there would not be enough time to remove it all before Nixon’s withdrawal deadline. The latest tally:

► 10,898 Chinese AK-47 and SKS rifles, pistols and submachine guns



G.I. STEPPING THROUGH DEAD NORTH VIETNAMESE ATTACKERS IN CAMBODIA
Again and again, if necessary.





JOE G. CARSON

As they drive east to link up with South Vietnamese forces at Neak Luong, an important Mekong River crossing that was recaptured from the Communists last week, Cambodian troops burn huts used to house Viet Cong. At Kampong Chak (right), a Cambodian village near the Parrot's Beak sanctuary, South Viet Nam's confident, tough-talking Lieut. General Do Cao Tri visits Vietnamese officers and two American advisers assigned to an ARVN armored unit. One of South Viet Nam's ablest commanders, Tri personally runs the show in the Parrot's Beak, which at one point is less than 35 miles from Saigon.



LE WICK

A South Vietnamese column speeds past booming heavy artillery pieces at an ARVN fire support base near Svay Rieng on the western edge of the Communist-infested Parrot's Beak.

DENIS CAMERON



Clad in a variety of uniforms, members of Cambodia's 35,000-man army, long used primarily for building roads and performing at ceremonies, head into combat.



LE WING





ENNIO IACOBucci

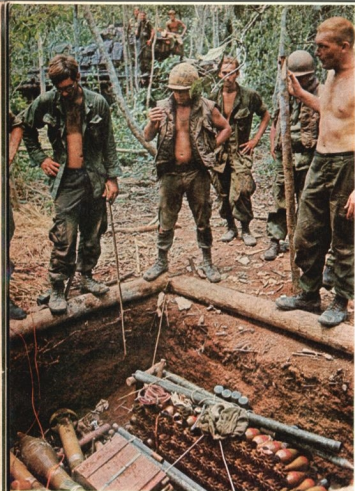
At an airstrip in South Viet Nam's Central Highlands, U.S. 4th Infantry troopers await helilift to join Operation Pacific West One, aimed at rooting North Vietnamese troops out of a rugged base area in northeast Cambodia.



As South Vietnamese armor advances and Communist forces retreat, Cambodian civilians in the Parrot's Beak take to the highways with their livestock and a few possessions, becoming newest refugees of the war.

LE WING





ENRIO IACOBucci

At one of the many enemy arms caches that were found in the jungled Fishhook area northwest of Saigon, U.S. soldiers look over Communist weapons before blowing them up.

LARRY WOODS—LIFE



U.S. units in the Fishhook area are kept well supplied with everything from ammunition to beer by big cargo-carrying Chinook helicopters, known among the troops as "hooks."

Outside Mimot in Cambodia's rubber plantation country, G.I.s prepare a night bivouac, and under the shade of a beach umbrella examine captured Communist documents with the help of Cambodian civilians.



FRANK FISHER—LIFE

—enough to equip an entire Communist division.

▶ 1,269 mortars, heavy machine guns and other "crew-served" weapons.

▶ 184 vehicles, including six armored halftracks (and a few old General Motors trucks).

▶ 2,730 tons of rice—enough to feed the 90,000 enemy regulars in the lower half of South Viet Nam for 41 days.

▶ 1,505 tons of ammunition—enough to supply the 126 Communist battalions in the lower half for anywhere from one week to four months, depending on the level of fighting.

▶ 7,519 Communist troops killed, v. 140 Americans and 472 South Vietnamese.

The allied attacks have turned what was once a relatively easy logistical problem into something of a nightmare for

the Communists. Previously, the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong could get supplies in as little as five weeks, especially when the port of Sihanoukville (now Kompong Som) was wide open. The captured supplies now must be replaced via the Ho Chi Minh Trail, which makes for slower going. But despite the loss of such huge caches as "the City" and "Rock Island East," as American G.I.s nicknamed the supply depots they unearthed in the Fishhook sanctuary, the Communists are far from crippled. Food is as close as the nearest paddyfield. There is ample evidence, too, that the Communists, anticipating an assault, carted off substantial supplies. After Sihanouk's fall in March, they began commandeering unusual numbers of trucks and buses from Cam-

bodian businesses and plantations, presumably to evacuate men and gear.

The 40,000 Communist troops still estimated to be in Cambodia, moreover, are moving swiftly to establish new supply lines. Even now they are knitting together a river network that will supplement the Ho Chi Minh Trail. In southern Laos, North Vietnamese regulars two weeks ago overran Attapeu, a town on a Mekong River tributary called the Se Kong; last week they menaced Saravane, another strategically located town. Along the Mekong in northern Cambodia, Communist troops have captured Kratie and Chhlong; last week they attacked Stung Treng, a key town at the confluence of the Se Kong and the Mekong, and sent a full regiment against Kompong Cham, Cambodia's

Exodus on the Mekong

THE informal alliance between Saigon and Phnom-Penh has not tempered the bitter hostilities that have divided Cambodians and Vietnamese for centuries. Stung by the recent atrocities inflicted on the 500,000 ethnic Vietnamese living in Cambodia, the Saigon government has launched an effort to evacuate some of its vulnerable kinsmen. TIME Correspondent James Willwerth was aboard the *Vung Tau*, the lead LST in a fleet of 20 ships and small craft that last week carried 10,000 refugees from their detention camps in Phnom-Penh 80 miles down the Mekong River to safety. His report:

All morning long, they clambered on board—crippled old men, bony women chewing betel nuts, young mothers with arms full of babies, pots, pans and blankets. The 4,000-ton LST soon became a teeming refugee city of 2,000, a squalid campground with children everywhere and the smells of densely packed human life filling the air. Blankets and wicker mats were tied to a thick cable stretched across the main deck, making a city of half shelters. It all fell apart in the first breeze, but the Vietnamese carefully set about tying the shelters together again, just as they were reworking the fabric of their lives now that war had come to Cambodia.

There was something both tragic and hopeful about the exodus. Vietnamese whose relatives had lived in Cambodia for hundreds of years had been kicked out of their homeland, where they were now considered a potential Communist fifth column. Many had lost property and money along the way. Worst of all, they had been robbed of any chance to live out their lives in peace. But they were happy at the chance to visit Viet Nam, in many cases for the first time in their lives.

A group of monks waved goodbye, and Phnom-Penh slipped into the distance as the ship passed Sihanouk's gold-roofed royal palace—now nearly deserted—and

churned past homes and stores that once belonged to the city's hard-working Vietnamese. On deck, rain squalls washed over squealing, fussing groups of children who clutched boxes of C-rations or dipped dirty fingers into bowls of rice and fish.

At night, as the ship hissed down the Mekong at twelve knots, there was lightning to the east, and friendly soldiers on shore occasionally shot flares into the darkness over the boat. By five the next morning, a pink sunrise was poking over the treetops at Hong Ngu, a small river town in South Viet Nam. It was a big occasion, but the refugees took note of it only by doing what Asians do every day at sunrise. Husbands packed up the night's bedding. A woman washed clothes with a

naked, screaming baby clutched at her blouse. Two children had been born during the 20-hour trip.



REFUGEE-LOADED LST AT NEAK LUONG

The LST nosed into the riverbank, opened its bow doors and disgorged its human cargo at Hong Ngu. The Vietnamese were greeted by a white-shirted bureaucrat who shouted instructions over a bullhorn. There were tables stacked with forms to fill out and, near by, a tent city to shelter the refugees for the two weeks or so that will be needed to screen and begin relocating them.

Though the U.S. is footing some of the bill, Saito, the U.S. is footing some of the bill, Saito figures it will cost the Vietnamese taxpayer 50 cents a day to supply each refugee with 50 grams of rice, dried fish and cooking oil, as well as medical assistance. "This is an essential humanitarian operation," said John Paul Vann, chief American pacification adviser in the Delta region. Noting that the refugees seem quite loyal to the Saigon government, Vann added that it "should have fantastically good results for my pacification program." One of the refugees, an old, half-blind widow named Nguyen Thi Mai, put it more simply. "I am very, very happy to go back to Viet Nam," she said. "And I am very happy not to be killed."

third largest city, only 50 miles northeast of Phnom-Penh.

Hanoi's evident determination to save its considerable investment along the Cambodian border presages months, not weeks, of heavy fighting. It also raises some serious questions:

Will the U.S. really be in a position to exit Cambodia by June 30?

Evidently so. One well-informed Republican Congressman speculates that Nixon will not only announce the withdrawal right on schedule, but will simultaneously announce a big withdrawal from Viet Nam—perhaps 75,000 men within the next 60 days.

Will the U.S. offer support other than ground troops?

Though Washington has not formally answered the Lon Nol regime's requests for arms, a few items have been reaching

sized last week, the U.S. controls supplies and could prevent the South Vietnamese from going too far. At present, Saigon has only 21,000 men in Cambodia, the equivalent of two divisions (the U.S. still has 14,000). By spoiling the sanctuaries, it is argued in Saigon and Washington, the Cambodian venture has bought time for Vietnamization. It has also boosted ARVN's morale.

Will the Communists try to turn the rest of Cambodia into a "sanctuary?"

Communist bands are still troubling towns and highways south of Phnom-Penh, but the allied quarantine of the coast may have foreclosed Hanoi's hopes of staking out new sanctuaries in the lower half of Cambodia. Attacks on the Mekong towns above Phnom-Penh confirm that most of the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong are spilling into the northeast and northwest quadrants

with enthusiasm in Peking and Hanoi for setting up and supporting a puppet government. Lon Nol disclosed last week that secret Chinese emissaries tried to strike a deal with him for renewal of the old sanctuary arrangement. Only when he rejected the proposal three weeks ago, the Premier said, did Peking support the deposed Prince.

Will other Asian countries aid Cambodia?

A conference of 12 Asian nations* that began in Djakarta last week could lay the groundwork for assistance. The conference is likely to produce calls for support of Cambodian neutrality, withdrawal of all foreign troops and the sending of observers to the embattled country.

Encircled Capital. The old question came up for debate again last week: Why had the U.S. launched the Cambodian foray in the first place? The "pink Prince," as Sihanouk now calls himself, announced from his Peking exile that Nixon had acted only because a "liberation army" was "on the point of taking the capital by assault." Nixon did say in his April 30 speech that the Communists "are encircling" Phnom-Penh, but White House advisers cite other factors in his decision. The most important was that the Communists seemed to be moving to link up their border sanctuaries to create an unchallenged 600-mile front opposite South Viet Nam. In the Administration's view, that would have imperiled the Vietnamization program, especially with the U.S. hoping to pull out of combat altogether little more than one year from now.

* The others, besides Indonesia: Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines, Malaysia, South Viet Nam, Cambodia, Thailand, Singapore, Laos, South Korea and Japan.



TROOPS WITH CAPTURED WEAPONS NEAR PARROT'S BEAK SANCTUARY
Turning enemy logistics into a nightmare.

Phnom-Penh, including 7,200 World War II-vintage M-2 carbines, 6,000 captured Soviet-designed AK-47 rifles and communications gear. In Washington last week, Secretary of State William Rogers made the first public admission that "we had air activity over Cambodia before the change of government," and he indicated that it could continue after June 30; yet Rogers stated flatly that the U.S. would not "become involved militarily in support of any Cambodian government." Evidently, Saigon intends to take on that task. Vice President Ky said last week that South Viet Nam is building a string of eleven airfields on the Cambodian border to provide ARVN with its own air support.

Will Saigon's role in Cambodia delay Vietnamization?

If the South Vietnamese should try to pursue the Communists all over Cambodia, Vietnamization could suffer. But as Defense Secretary Melvin Laird empha-

zed the country. Their temporary destination may be the quiet shores of Tonle Sap Lake, 70 miles north of Phnom-Penh. There they would be near the Cambodian rice bowl and a rich supply of fish, while waiting for a chance to move closer to the border.

Will the Communists try to install a puppet regime?

Though Sihanouk has made no move to leave Peking and set up a rival government in Cambodia's jungles, no fewer than ten Communist documents captured in recent days speak of plans for a pro-Sihanouk "war of liberation" in the northeast. French plantation managers report that Communists are recruiting some plantation workers and arming civilians. Still, allied units have yet to encounter any "guerrillas" in Cambodia. As Sirik Matak told TIME's Kraar: "There are no signs of a civil war in Cambodia, no signs at all." There is some question, besides, about the gen-

In the Eye

THE threat of a direct Communist attack against Phnom-Penh has lessened, but the graceful, Gallic-flavored capital still has the air of an antic Alamo. Soviet-made heavy artillery pieces stare out over the empty highways to the south. No one is allowed to enter or leave the city from dusk to dawn without special permission. Civil servants come to work in khakis, including Deputy Premier Sirik Matak, and battalions of bureaucrats spend afternoons drilling in the city parks. As they roll through the streets in their commandeered trucks and buses, Cambodian soldiers wave to the cheering populace. The martial fever is such that the regime's inexperienced 35,000-man army has grown to a green giant of 100,000 volunteers.

With Phnom-Penh in the eye of the Indochina hurricane, tourist hotels are nearly empty. Knots of frightened Viet-

MIDDLE EAST

If It Happens Here, It Will Happen There

Israel's Premier Golda Meir, a woman who wastes few words, came straight to the point. Attending the funeral of an 18-year-old boy killed by an Arab rocket in the frontier town of Kiryat Shemona, near Lebanon, she said: "Under no circumstances will we permit murderers to sit across the border and sow death in our midst. We desire quiet on the borders on one condition: that there be quiet on both sides of the borders." If it happens here, she warned in effect, it will happen there. Last week, 36 hours after her warning, Israel took steps to quiet the other side of the border. In a massive retaliatory raid, Israeli armor rolled across the Lebanese border under jet-fighter cover.

The attack was hardly unexpected. Since November, under an agreement with Beirut, Arab guerrillas have occupied a rugged 27-sq.-mi. section of the border near snow-topped Mount Hermon, using its hills and hollows as a base for attacks on Israeli settlements in East Galilee. In one recent 40-day period, by Israel's count, they carried out 61 attacks that killed eight Israelis, wounded 30 and brought demands for protection from settlers in the area.

Concealed Cache. Responding to those demands, a column of tanks and armored half-tracks clattered across the Lebanese border toward guerrilla strongholds. The Israeli troops encountered little resistance at first and quickly entered six villages near the Hasbani River. The soldiers gave villagers leaflets with a pointed verse from an old Arab poem: "Whoever sows thorns will not harvest grapes and whosoever lights fires is likely to get burned."

The Israelis were well prepared. From informers, Israeli intelligence had learned the precise whereabouts of guerrilla hideouts. In the village of Hebbariyeh, one Israeli commander reached a spot where he had been told he would find a fedayeen headquarters. All he saw was a small street kiosk, but inside was the opening to a corridor that led to a fully equipped underground hospital and arms cache.

At Lebanon's behest, the United Nations Security Council met quickly to consider censuring Israel. Lost on none was the fact that Israel had gone into Lebanon for much the same reason that the U.S. had gone into Cambodia—to clean out enemy sanctuaries. This put the U.S. in an uncomfortable diplomatic position. Secretary of State William P. Rogers admitted at his Washington press conference that military action was regrettable, but he added:

over the Suez Canal for a week's total of ten Arab aircraft—one of the biggest bags since the Six-Day War.) At sea, meanwhile, Israel pursued the same tit-for-tat strategy that it applied in Lebanon. After an Egyptian naval missile sank an Israeli fishing trawler and killed two crewmen, Israeli jets sank an Egyptian destroyer and missile boat.

Lieut. General Haim Bar-Lev, Israel's chief of staff, ordered the troops returning from Lebanon to parade with their prisoners and captured booty through the streets of Kiryat Shemona. Even so, it was not an unvarnished Israeli victory. Israeli troops admitted later that the fedayeen had fought well; one guerrilla calmly fired 16 rockets at advancing tanks before he was finally killed. Fedayeen Leader Yasser Arafat, who directed some of the battle, promised that raids against Israel would continue. "The Israeli attacks," he said,



JUBILANT ISRAELIS RETURNING FROM LEBANON OPERATION
Whoever sows thorns will not harvest grapes.

of the Hurricane

nameless gather at the airport for flights to Saigon every day; by night, the airport is closed while U.S. supplies are flown in aboard unmarked planes. Yet the mood of the city's 500,000 people is closer to giddy apprehension than grim determination. The floating nightclubs along the Mekong, with their dark-eyed Khmer girls dancing to *The Tennessee Waltz*, still do thriving business.

Though the embattled sanctuaries are less than a day's drive from Phnom-Penh, the capital's closest contact with war so far has been the Channel 11 news telecasts from Saigon, which feature clips of the fighting. Some residents wonder, however, just how long the city will remain so remote from the war. As one Western military observer in Phnom-Penh warns: "I wouldn't be surprised to see Viet Cong mortars dropping in here as this struggle goes on and on."

"You have to consider the causes." The Security Council nevertheless flatly turned down a U.S. amendment critical of all parties to the Israel-Lebanon dispute. Only Britain sided with the U.S. in the 13-to-2 vote.

The Biggest Bag. Though the Israelis had hoped to end the raid in less than a day, the eventual withdrawal took longer. Tiger-suited fedayeen hurried out from Beirut in commandeered Mercedes-Benz cabs to join the action. Near Hebbariyeh, where fedayeen control ends, Lebanese troops also took part in the fight. Not until 34 hours after they had entered Lebanon did the last troops withdraw. Israel reported no dead and eleven wounded. Behind, they left 39 houses demolished and from 30 to 100 guerrillas killed.

In addition, three Syrian MIGs that had appeared eight hours after the attack began were shot down. (The Israelis also claimed to have shot down seven Egyptian planes during clashes

"will only step up, not diminish our determination to strike at them."

No Volunteers. The confrontation between Israelis and guerrillas generated new trouble for Lebanon. At week's end 650 Syrian guerrillas, members of the Al-Saiqa group, suddenly appeared in the Mount Hermon area aboard Syrian army vehicles. Lebanon's President Charles Helou, after a helicopter visit to the area, angrily informed his Cabinet: "Syria has violated Lebanon's sovereignty. The presence of Syrian forces no doubt provides Israel with an excuse for fulfilling its ambitions in Lebanon. It will involve Lebanon in a war it is unable to bear." Lebanese lawmakers approved an increase in the army's authorized strength, from 15,000 to 25,000 men. The action was important only in a symbolic sense, for the army's present strength is now 11,000. As Interior Minister Kamal Jumblatt admitted dolefully: "There simply are no volunteers these days."

Europe's Law-and-Order Syndrome

NOT since the 1930s, when Adolf Hitler rallied the German people with his guttural call for *Ruhe und Ordnung*, has Western Europe been so preoccupied with the problem of law and order. This fact is curious in itself, since Europe is suffering from none of the specific agonies that are presently afflicting the U.S. There is no angry debate over Viet Nam to polarize European populations, no comparable student concern with the draft, no race problem of remotely similar scope.

Yet Europe, like the U.S., is in the throes of a "second industrial revolution" that has led to an increasingly technological and depersonalized society. Students have balked at the overcrowded, understaffed, bureaucratic quality of university life. For a time they were joined in France by blue-collar workers seeking higher wages. Students and workers are still demonstrating regularly all over the Continent, but not together; their short-lived alliance is dead. As in the U.S., worker resentment of long-haired, privileged students has often led to clashes between the two groups. In fact, the U.S. example may have had much to do with the rise of the law-and-order phenomenon in Europe—just as it did with the contagious spread of discontent and violence.

Amnesty Bill. Oddly enough, the European nations least affected seem to be the ones with recent totalitarian pasts—Germany and Italy. Last fall the West Germans elected a Socialist government and gave a mere 4.3% of the vote to the right-wing National Democratic Party, which advocated "security through

law and order." Franz-Josef Strauss, a leader of the opposition Christian Democrats, has delighted audiences in his native Bavaria by attacking the "animal students," and he has been heard to observe that European politicians have a lot to learn from Spiro Agnew. But outside conservative Bavaria, Strauss's approach has met with little success. Another measure of the country's relaxed approach to the issue is the fact that West Germany's Bundesrat only last week gave final approval to a new law aimed at preventing the police from restricting demonstrations. The law prohibits random arrests of people merely for being present at a violent demonstration; only those directly involved in violent actions will be subject to imprisonment.

In Italy, despite a certain nostalgia for the days of Benito Mussolini (TIME, May 4), few would exchange the dishevelment of parliamentary democracy for the discipline of the Fascist era. Instead of advocating repressive new laws during Italy's current period of unrest, Premier Mariano Rumor's government is preparing an amnesty bill that will permit the dropping of charges against hundreds of demonstrators arrested in recent months. "We accept controversy," said Rumor, "but we will not permit democracy itself to be attacked."

Alarm over disorders is growing, however, in many other countries throughout Europe. Greece's colonels rarely deliver a speech without invoking law and order, along with religion and patriotism, as the totems of their repressive regime. In The Netherlands, which is a tra-

GAMMA-PIC



PARIS COP CHARGING BARRICADE
Case of Pompidoupolis and Bombidou.

ditionally tolerant country, patience of the Dutch has been worn thin by the calculated outrageous antics of the "provos" (short for provokers) in recent years. During the national Liberation Day celebration two weeks ago, 140 provos and other student activists were arrested. Even in relatively placid Switzerland, police fought students outside the Spanish consulate in Zurich recently in a rare outbreak of street violence.

Model of Stability. The issue has had its greatest impact in Britain and France. In Britain, demonstrations and disorders are far rarer and milder than in the U.S. But violent crime has risen 7% in each of the last two years, and law and order consequently promises to be a major issue in the coming election campaign. In an attack on the Labor government, Conservative Member of Parliament Quintin Hogg recently accused Prime Minister Harold Wilson of "presiding complacently over the biggest crime wave of the century." Another Tory M.P., Sir Peter Rawlinson, promised that if the Tories gain power, "we shall recommend much heavier fines for trespassing students," and possibly imprisonment as well. Though Wilson replied by noting, "We are still an example of stability to the world," a Louis Harris poll showed that 77% of the electorate considered law and order an important election issue. Another survey indicated that 50% thought demonstrations should be allowed only if they were "more strictly controlled," and 32% thought they should be banned altogether.

British police already have the discretionary power to stop and search



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General Electric, for example, designs its plants to give off practically no radiation. So little, that even if you lived next door to one, you'd receive little more than you already

receive from nature almost anywhere on earth.

Thermal effects are a tougher problem. All nuclear power plants discharge heat, as do fossil-fuel plants. America's utilities, with many years of experience, are working on thermal problems at nuclear sites on a plant-by-plant basis.

Thirteen years ago, General Electric built the first nuclear power plant ever licensed. GE has put another 50 in the works since. Today, nuclear power is helping utilities respond to the country's demand for electricity. At the same time, it's helping safeguard the country's environment.

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Men
helping
Man

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



It took thousands of years for nature to create this diamond.
It took a man 16 hours to cut it.
And it's only as big as the "o" in this sentence.

The diamond you see in the picture above has been magnified 21 times. Actually, it weighs only 5 points. Since it takes 100 points to make a carat, you can appreciate just how small this gem is.

Our diamond may sound insignificant. But look at it. It is a miniature work of art.

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This diamond has the same number of facets that a five-carat diamond has, each painstakingly placed on the stone by a master cutter.

With the aid of a high-powered magnifying lens, the cutter grinds tiny

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This is what turns a rough diamond into a beautiful gem that will catch the light and send it back to you in a dazzling shower of colors.

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Our 5-point diamond is not destined to be worn by itself. Instead, it will find its way into a piece of diamond jewelry, along with other diamonds of various sizes.

For many years when people spoke of diamond jewelry, they thought of large diamonds. Smaller diamonds were almost ignored. But this idea is changing.

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small diamonds is perfect for this.

Diamonds within your reach.

The ring on this page is shown in its actual size. There are 17 diamonds, most of which are about the same size as the diamond above.

Yet the cost of this ring, with a total weight of one carat is only about \$660. This is one of the beauties of small diamonds in jewelry.



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anyone they think might be carrying drugs—which, by and large, means the long-haired young and even the not-so-young. Photographer David Bailey, 32, whose hair stretches almost to his shoulders, complains that he was recently held by London police for an hour before he was able to convince them who he was. "They couldn't believe anyone looking as I do could possibly afford a decent camera," said Bailey.

Curbing the Casseurs. Nowhere in Europe has law and order become as heated an issue as in France, where student disorders have been less widespread than in the U.S. but have turned to violence on several occasions. Last month, after a particularly ugly student demonstration at the Nanterre branch of the University of Paris, Premier Jacques Chaban-Delmas commented: "The wreckers must pay." The following day the Cabinet approved a draft bill for what Justice Minister René Pleven called the control of "certain new forms of delinquency."

The bill was quickly dubbed *La Loi Anticasseurs* (the anti-wreckers law) after the Premier's remark. Its most controversial feature was its concept of "collective responsibility," which gives police the right to arrest anybody in the vicinity of an illegal demonstration, whether he appears to be demonstrating or not. A mere tourist watching a disturbance from what he considers a safe distance could thus be hauled off to jail along with the rioters. Those convicted are subject to prison terms of three months to five years, and are liable for property damage caused by the rioting. To make it easier for judges to determine damages, the Paris police have obligingly published a price list of their equipment—\$1 for a nightstick, \$135 for a complete uniform.

The bill has been supported by many working-class Frenchmen, whose longstanding resentment of students has been intensified by recent rioting. But it was strongly attacked by jurists and politicians ranging from leftists to some Gaullists. Labor leaders were particularly worried that the law might be applied to nonstudent demonstrations. Some critics noted that a peaceful demonstration could become violent almost by accident—or because its sponsors' enemies caused provocation. *Le Monde* said the law could lead to a "real French version of Z," the current film that deals with political repression in Greece. When President Georges Pompidou told a gathering that "the authority of the state is the best guarantee of the citizen's liberty," the left-wing daily *Combat* was outraged. In a play on the name of Greece's Premier George Papadopoulos, the newspaper headlined its story POMPIDOULOULOS.

Explosive Weekend. Before the National Assembly overwhelmingly approved the bill three weeks ago, its opponents managed to water it down slightly. The new version retains the principle of collective guilt, but only

those who "consciously remain" at the site of a demonstration after violence begins can be held as "wreckers."

When the bill goes before the French Senate this week, it is likely to be approved without any serious opposition. Its chances were strengthened by a recent wave of violence that has been generally attributed to Maoists, albeit without much real proof; over a single weekend, there were 25 bombing and arson incidents throughout France, not to mention the looting of Paris' super-gourmet shop, Fauchon (see *THE NATION*), by Maoist students. Said the satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné* last week in a front-page headline summing up that explosive weekend: *LA FRANCE C'EST BOMBIDOU*.



STANGL IN DÜSSELDORF COURT
Brass bands for the doomed.

WEST GERMANY The Efficiency Expert

He was known as "the gentleman commandant" because he wore an impeccable white SS jacket and always sported a long riding crop while making the rounds at Treblinka, a Nazi death factory in Poland. He never personally mistreated a prisoner, and often arranged for brass bands to play while groups of 80 to 100 captives, most of them Jews, were herded into a building behind a railroad station for "showers" prior to "resettlement." The showers, of course, turned out to be sprays of gas pumped into the building by the engines from captured Soviet tanks.

Between 1942 and late 1943, a total of 700,000 people were slaughtered at Treblinka, more than half during the single year when Franz Paul Stangl, the gentleman commandant, was running things. Last week, in a West German federal court at Düsseldorf, Stangl, 62, went on trial on charges of supervising the murder of "at least 400,000 per-

sons" for motives "base, sinister and cruel."

A swaggering, Austrian-born SS *Hauptsturmführer* (captain), Stangl was captured by American troops in 1945 and turned over to Austrian authorities for trial. He escaped in 1947, made his way to Syria and finally, in 1951, to Brazil. By that time, he had attained most-wanted status in the records of the Jewish Documentation Center, a Vienna-based organization headed by Simon Wiesenthal and dedicated to tracking down Nazi war criminals. In 1967, Stangl was finally extradited. "If I had done nothing else except catch this man," said Wiesenthal, who was in the Düsseldorf courtroom last week, "then I would not have lived in vain."

According to Wiesenthal, Stangl was "a genius" at organizing extermination camps. Trained in euthanasia methods in Berlin, he prepped for Treblinka by running an asylum in Linz, Austria, where as many as 28,000 mentally defective people were killed. His next stop was Sobibor, another camp in Poland, where his efficiency so impressed his Nazi superiors that he was given command of Treblinka. There, the prosecution charges, he eventually raised the daily death toll to an average of 10,000. He oversaw the activities of the reclamation squad that yanked gold teeth from the mouths of corpses (319,000 lbs. of gold from dental fillings, wedding rings and other jewelry were shipped to the Third Reich from Treblinka). He also pioneered the building of a so-called "grill" made of railroad rails that served as a primitive crematorium.

If convicted, Stangl probably will spend the rest of his life in prison. But as the prosecutor read the long indictment, Stangl never once winced. "I have nothing on my conscience," he said. "I did nothing but my duty."

INDIA Fire and Blood Again

"We are discussing a creeping malady that is undermining our nation," lamented Socialist Leader Nathu Pai in India's parliament last week. Dramatic as it seemed, his statement was no exaggeration. Once again battles had broken out between India's Hindu majority (460 million) and its Moslem minority (60 million). It was essentially the same conflict that rent the subcontinent when it achieved independence in 1947, forced its partition into the hostile states of India and Pakistan and has caused periodic upheavals ever since. This time the site was the west-coast state of Maharashtra, where eight days of rioting left at least 152 Indians dead, more than 500 injured and thousands of shops and homes looted and burned out.

The trouble began in Bhiwandi, a cotton and silk weaving center 35 miles north of Bombay, Maharashtra's capital. Bhiwandi's most prominent Moslems

agreed to join Hindus in an anniversary procession honoring the 17th century warrior Shivaji, who is remembered for his rout of the Moslem Moguls who dominated India for over 200 years. So delicate are relationships between the sects that marching slogans had to be approved before the procession started out. All of them were about as inoffensive as **LONG LIVE MOTHER INDIA**. Midway through the parade, however, a few marchers began to shout scurrilous slogans calling Moslems thieves. Soon stones, acid-filled light bulbs and Molotov cocktails began flying, though nobody is certain who started the barrage. A force of 600 policemen firing tear gas and then bullets were unable to keep the fighting from spreading.

Haunting Face. Word of the religious riot ran through Maharashtra with predictable results. In Jalgaon, 200 miles away, Hindus forced an entire Moslem wedding party into a building and set it afire; 19 Moslems, including small children, died. In the town of Broach, 300 people rioted after a pedicab knocked down an eight-year-old boy. In Bhiwandi, Hindus chased six Moslem moneylenders into a thicket, set it afire and hacked the men to death as they fled the flames.

Hindu-Moslem enmity has been a factor in Indian life since the beginning of the tenth century. Two decades ago, it reached a peak when more than 100,000 people died in the wake of partition. Religious fanatics still stir up trouble, and police intelligence is usually not good enough to head it off. Prime Minister Indira Gandhi blamed the Hindu nationalist party, *Jana Sangh*, and its paramilitary arm, the *Rashtriya Sewak Sangh* (R.S.S.), for the latest bloodbath. "Is it a coincidence," she asked, "that when people who belong to the R.S.S. or the *Jana Sangh* go somewhere, soon afterward there is a riot? To me it seems a strange coincidence." A Moslem speaker in parliament noted bitterly that "most of the riots break out in areas where Moslems are prosperous." Nobody was more bitter, however, than Home Minister Y.B. Chavan, a native of Maharashtra, who after a visit to Bhiwandi told of how small children had been burned alive in front of their mothers. "I have met such a mother," said Chavan, "and her face will haunt me throughout my life."

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC Keeping the Lid On

Along Calle el Conde, a once fashionable shopping street in Santo Domingo, business was at a near-standstill last week. In the Ciudad Nueva district of the capital, once known as "the Kremlin" because of all the middle-class boys who grew up to be radicals there, posters covered the trees. Evenings, cinemas throughout the city were all but empty and streets were deserted before midnight—the traditional time for political



BALAGUER DISTRIBUTING MONEY BEFORE ELECTIONS
After dark, empty streets.

murders. Once again the Dominican Republic was facing the test of presidential elections, and as usual, violence played a leading role. In the three weeks before the balloting, 29 people died and 47 were wounded in political killings, victims of the extreme right and the extreme left. One of the dead: an eight-year-old child, who was killed when guards in a motorcade of President Joaquín Balaguer's Reformista Party fired at rock throwers as it rumbled into a Santo Domingo slum.

Stodgy Bachelor. Balaguer, who revised the constitution so that he could seek re-election to a second four-year term, spent the last weeks of the campaign barnstorming the countryside, where he was particularly strong. Though unemployment hovers around 30%, this year's harvest is a good one, assuring Balaguer of continuing strength among the wealthy landowners as well as the peasants, who historically have gone along with "the boss"—the man in power.

Some critics accused Balaguer of trying to establish a dictatorship, as had his mentor, Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, who ruled for 31 years until his assassination in 1961. "He runs the country like a Florentine court," said a banker, implying that he is all too remote from the island's people and their aspirations. "The longer we postpone taking the lid off, the greater will be the explosion here." Others accused him of lacking imagination and concentrating on showcase projects instead of attacking basic problems such as poverty, educational shortcomings and land reform. In reply, Balaguer pointed to his record since his election in 1966, after the U.S. intervention. "Everything I promised has been accomplished," he said, "with the exception of museums in Santo Domingo and Santiago de los

Caballeros." To win voters' loyalty, Balaguer hands out gifts at every campaign stop: new shoes, bolts of cloth, caps and 5- and 1-peso notes. It was an old-fashioned campaign typical of the man—a stodgy bachelor who neither smokes nor drinks.

The Abstainers. As the election date neared, Balaguer looked more and more like a winner. His four rivals were unable to unite; the two strongest—right-wing ex-General Elias Wessin y Wessin and conservative Vice President Francisco Augusto Lora—lagged far behind. The man who would have proved Balaguer's strongest opponent, ex-President Juan Bosch, was abstaining from participation in the election, and so was his Dominican Revolutionary Party, the country's largest political party. Explained Bosch, a utopian with a strong emotional following among the poor who was overthrown by the military in 1963 after only seven months in office: "Elections don't solve anything, because the military does not respect the results." Instead, the former President urges what he vaguely describes as "a dictatorship with popular support," which is not "Communist." Implicit in Bosch's statements is the hope of an eventual coup that will return him to power, but even Bosch himself realizes that this is far off.

Comfortable Posts. In the voting at week's end, Balaguer's well-organized political machine dominated the Dominican scene. The President was backed not only by the influential military but also by officeholders—many of them ex-Trujillo followers—eager to hang on to their comfortable posts. As the counting of the votes began and the President spurred to an early lead over his rivals, it seemed that Joaquín Balaguer might yet find time to build those museums.

PEOPLE

As a belated reward for his heroic World War II exploits against the Japanese, the one-eyed, one-handed New Guinea native was flown to Canberra to meet **Queen Elizabeth** during her recent Australian tour. Ex-Sergeant-Major Yau Wiga did not hesitate to offer political advice—in his best pidgin English. "Me tellin Missis Queen: 'Now queen, I'm one fella pickaninny. Self-guvim New Guinea im e no good. You givim self-guvim New Guinea now, New Guinea e all buggerup.'" The Queen's reply, reports Wiga, sounded something like, "Ooh, ah, ooh."

He looks more at home on a horse as TV's Matt Dillon. But **Guns** Star **James Arness** is a hard-riding surfer who has instilled a keen enthusiasm for the sport in his son Rolf, 18. Says young Arness: "You can get so stoked [deliriously happy] on waves that you can't stand it." His father knows the feeling—and the surfers' jargon. When his boy called from Melbourne, Australia, with the news that he had been crowned world surfboard champion, Big Jim answered, "Son, I'm stoked."

Since the escalation in Cambodia, it seems that Presidential Adviser **Henry Kissinger's** social life has de-escalated accordingly. Washington Hostess (and spirited dove) **Barbara Hower**, with tongue partly in cheek, has threatened a unilateral withdrawal from their once flourishing alliance. "I told Henry that I'll be glad to see him any time he wants me to help him clear out his desk at the White House," chides Barbara. "Nothing will kill a romance faster than a land war in Asia."

Under the austere Socialist regime of Tanzanian President **Julius Nyerere**, miniskirts, cosmetics and wigs are anathema, and beauty contests are banned as

"exploitations of human flesh." Small wonder, then, that the government frowned on a visit by "Miss World," Austria's **Eva Reuber-Staier**. "A society which annually parades its women like cattle to award them prizes," puffed a government newspaper, is "alien to our culture and sense of dignity." Purred Eva: "I am very sorry not to be going to Tanzania. I hear it's a wonderful country—with some very handsome cattle."

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and **David Niven** are members. **Bing Crosby** has been a frequent guest. But at White's, the 277-year-old London gentlemen's club, evidently enough show biz is enough. After **Frank Sinatra** was shown around the hallowed premises by Fairbanks and a party including the **Earls of Perth** and **Westmorland**, one old Tory sniffed: "Doug was a silly old fool to have done that. Bing Crosby, yes. But this is a different matter."

Reward: \$10,000 to anyone who can prove that **Jesse James** was not really J. Frank Dalton, a Missouri storyteller who died in 1951 at the self-avowed age of 107, still protesting his—well, guilt. Such was the offer made by the owner of a Jesse James museum in Stanton, Mo. Jesse's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Stella James, 85, took the museum man to court with her contention—supported by most historians—that the real bandit was gunned down in 1882. Last week she made a clean getaway with the \$10,000.

Like thousands of other college seniors in the year of the campus boycott, **David** and **Julie Eisenhower** have gone home and will pick up their diplomas without taking final exams. Naturally David, who graduates with honors from Amherst, regretted not being able to demonstrate his talents for his



DAVID AT BAT
An afternoon of Wiffle ball.

professors. He had to settle for passing the afternoon playing Wiffle ball on the south lawn of his father-in-law's White House.

An old Southeast Asia hand was unimpressed by President Nixon's promise to pull U.S. troops out of Cambodia by the end of June. "In fact he can do nothing else," wrote Novelist **Graham Greene** in a letter to the *Times* of London. "Before the rains and the annual flooding of the Mekong, they must either go or decide to act as pioneers in underwater living."

In Boston, the evening's big event was the last-minute victory of **Bobby Orr** and the Bruins over St. Louis—bringing the city's hockey fans their first Stanley Cup in 29 years. But enough loyal friends and Democrats turned out at an elegant \$500-a-plate dinner to raise \$300,000 for Senator **Edward Kennedy's** re-election campaign. Teddy was so gratified that he indulged in a mild boast: "I may not be Bobby Orr," he said, "but I think I'm still a household word in Massachusetts."

"A goodly apple rotten at the heart. O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath." *Pravda*, the official Communist Party newspaper, was borrowing from Shakespeare to dress up its diatribe against "ill-famed" and "shamefully notorious" **William F. Buckley** and the U.S. Information Agency. But the goodly apple, touring Russia on behalf of the USA, was undaunted. "Very poorly written," said Buckley. "After 50 years in the business, you'd think they'd be better at polemics than that. If they'd like, I'd be happy to teach them."



MISS WORLD
A voice from the herd.

EDUCATION

Selflessness in Los Angeles

Not only did 13,000 striking Los Angeles teachers vote to end their month-long walkout last week, they also rejected a 5% wage increase. They want the school board to use their raise (which would have cost \$18 million) to cut class size and restore remedial-reading programs.

The strike, which kept more than half of the city's 25,000 teachers off the job and one-third of its 650,000 students out of class, was called despite an earlier board offer of a 5% wage hike. The striking teachers insisted that the students must profit too. But the school board is reluctant to make the swap without hearing from those who stayed on the job and thus did not vote on the raise. The teachers' selflessness, though, may have impressed Californians, who will vote June 2 on a statewide referendum calling for a minimum boost of \$350 million in state aid to public schools. And if it is approved, the teachers may get some of that money themselves.

Grading Strikers

Across the country, student strikes have raised an unforeseen question: What about grades, credits and final examinations? Faculties have debated the credit problem as heatedly as they discuss Cambodia, and at most struck campuses the result is a flexible system that basically leaves grades and credit up to the individual student and his teacher.

On most campuses that have remained open, students may receive grades based on work completed before they went on strike, or they may attend class as usual and take a final exam. Alternatively, they may choose a simple "pass" or "fail," or an incomplete and finish up in the fall. Where finals have not been canceled, there is a widespread choice on when to take exams—this spring, during the summer at home or in September back on campus.

Even at totally closed schools, like Boston University, students can receive credit, although they obviously cannot take on-campus finals. A few closed schools have reopened in the face of threatened lawsuits by students seeking to complete formal course work. Graduate students in some disciplines do not have many options, however pro-strike they may be. The New York State Court of Appeals, for instance, has ruled that third-year law students must complete their required class hours and take their finals to qualify for the state bar examinations. For most students, though, the wide range of choice is a strong indication of faculty support for the sentiments that generated the strike movement. At some colleges, in fact, students are receiving credit for work in newly constituted classes on racism and the war in Southeast Asia.

Policing the Campus

In the good old silent college days, the duties of the kindly campus cop were rarely more critical than controlling a panty raid, lecturing a drunken student or investigating a petty theft. That serene existence has long since passed. Today's city-size universities have spawned an increasing crime rate and a restive student body. As a result, many university administrators are recruiting a new breed of campus gendarme.

He is younger, often college-educated, and trained to handle every campus

CHRISTOPHER SPRINGMAN—COWLEY



BERKELEY COP ON DUTY

With flowers and "cool it" signs.

crime from riot to robbery. At Detroit's Wayne State, few of the 35 patrolmen have reached their 30th birthday, and all hold at least one college degree. In addition to full-time police duties, they take night courses toward a master's degree in liberal-arts subjects, and most take advanced courses in police science as well. "Students know about our degrees," says Wayne State's Lieut. Dick Leonard, a Michigan State graduate, "and realize we've had the same problems they have now." But members of the force know that they cannot let their sympathy for the students interfere with their job. Says 24-year-old Dan Murphy, "We just can't allow disruptive tactics."

Peace Pigs. To cope with the dramatically different campus of today, university police chiefs try to weed out authoritarian types among their men who may provoke more trouble than they control. Berkeley's top cop, William Beall, frankly admits that he

looks for "Peace Corps" types who can assure the students that "we are less likely to escalate the situation." And Don Schwartzmiller, security chief of Kent State's force, makes sure he knows what his officers will do "if they're called pigs by youngsters who mean it." Says Schwartzmiller: "Their reactions have to be under control in all kinds of situations."

Even with better men and training, campus police forces may still be overwhelmed by the task of patrolling what amounts to a massive urban community. Then they must ask for outside help. At relatively quiet campuses the problems usually remain manageable. But at Berkeley, Beall and his 87-man force must resort to the most ingenious means to keep order. Two recent examples:

After Beall got word three weeks ago that radicals planned a major confrontation on campus, he allowed a "peace brigade" of students to interpose themselves between the radicals and his force, which was protecting the university's R.O.T.C. building. The predictable rocks were hurled at the cops and buffering students, but no police charges or tear gas followed. After a few minor skirmishes, the radicals left in disgust. Said one dejectedly: "Hell, the pigs didn't shoot off ten bucks worth of gas today." A week later, after a tense memorial rally for the Kent State dead, two of Beall's officers strolled through the university plaza, flowers in their lapels, with student-made "cool it" signs. And the students did.

Small Fires. In cases of large-scale disruptions, any university police force promptly asks for outside help. Sensing the potential for tragedy at Kent State three days before it occurred, Schwartzmiller sent an S O S to the state highway patrol. The National Guard escalation that followed was out of his control. Says Schwartzmiller: "We're not on campus to control riots. We put out small fires and try to keep others from starting."

Few campus police forces exercise authority beyond the university and adjacent areas. But if the force is large and thoroughly professional, it may serve the surrounding community by answering calls for help. When Wayne State began to organize a campus force in 1966, the university area was the most crime-infested in the city. Since that time, the force has handled quite a few off-campus calls. The crime rate has been slowed, and the situation is better than in many other areas of the city. The campus itself has stayed especially quiet. While buildings burned and rifles were fired only two blocks away from the campus during the city's 1967 riots, Wayne State's damage amounted to two broken windows. Major credit for the continuing order in the campus community goes to the university cops. "If it weren't for our campus police," says Duncan Sells, the university's dean of students, "this campus would have blown a long time ago."

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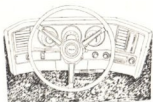
Totally. In fact, the front passenger has nothing to do but... well, sit back and be a passenger.

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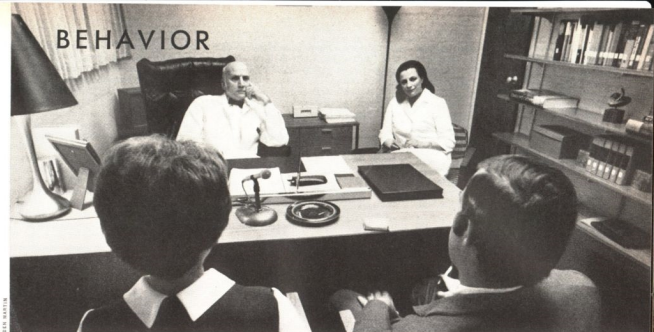
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BEHAVIOR



MASTERS & JOHNSON INTERVIEWING PATIENTS AT ST. LOUIS CLINIC

Repairing the Conjugal Bed

HARRY MILLER is not his true name, but his problem is genuine enough. He is a failure in bed. Years have passed since Harry and his wife, who are in their late 30s, have given or taken any pleasure in sex. With considerable hesitation and embarrassment, they confided their difficulty to their minister, who was sympathetic but unable to help. He referred them to the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation in St. Louis. On arrival, the Millers checked into a red brick residential building where the foundation leases apartments at \$100 a week for out-of-town patients. At 9 the next morning, they called for their first appointment.

Before long, the sexual anxieties and fears that had brought the Millers to St. Louis began to dissolve. The foundation, which is discreetly identified as the Central Medical Building, could pass for an ordinary medical clinic anywhere. Inside, piped music vies softly with a professional and somehow reassuring hush. A woman attendant, dressed in the white pantsuit and beige silk scarf that is the uniform for the foundation's female staff, directed them to the second floor.

Ultimate Communication

There they met Dr. William Howell Masters, the director, an owlish, stern-looking man of 54, and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, 45, his research associate, whose manner is as outgoing as Masters' is reserved. The Millers were told that this first interview, and all others, would be taped—a measure designed to protect the patients by eliminating stenographers from the necessary history-taking. They were reminded of the foundation's credo as worded by

Masters: "There is no such thing as an uninvolved partner in a sexually distressed marriage." Indeed, had the Millers not entered treatment together, they could not have entered at all. Finally, they were asked to refrain from any sexual activity whatsoever until otherwise directed.

The message, in short, was that the Millers were not there to perform or be judged. They were there to rediscover, under guidance but not observation, the ultimate form of human communication that takes place in the marriage bed.

The Millers are a hypothetical though representative example of the 790 cases of sexual incompatibility that have been treated in St. Louis over the past eleven years. In a new book called *Human Sexual Inadequacy* (Little, Brown; \$12.50), Dr. Masters and Mrs. Johnson summarize their therapeutic approach to the problem of what they call sexual "dysfunction." Written in less than six weeks, the book is poorly organized and clotted with a jargon that makes it almost unreadable for all but the doctors, psychologists, marriage counselors and other professionals for whom it was intended. Nonetheless, the work is already a bestseller, and with some reason. In the underdeveloped field of sex research, the authors are pioneers; they are the most important explorers since Alfred Kinsey into the most mysterious, misunderstood and rewarding of human functions.

Masters and Johnson take a modest view of their work. "We do not pretend expertise in anything," says Masters. "Ours is a small, somewhat determined research effort—the first study

of the physiology, and to a major degree the psychology, of sexual function. Many people will be in the field in due course and will do a better job."

It is a job that needs to be done, Masters argues that "the great cause for divorce in this country is sexual inadequacy. And I would estimate that 75% of this problem is treated by the psychologist, the social worker, the minister, the lawyer. Medicine really has not met its responsibility." No one knows the extent of the problem. The foundation's educated guess is that perhaps half of the 45 million married couples in the U.S. are sexually incompatible to some degree.

Sex as Salvation

In an era of pop sex, which fictionally and visually glorifies coition and accepts the idea of honeymoon-before-marriage, it might seem strange that there are any sexual hang-ups left to be treated. Whatever the "sexual revolution" may mean, it certainly has freed modern woman of the Victorian notion that females do not enjoy sex; the modern woman knows what she is missing, erotically speaking. On the other hand, the American male has succumbed to the widely advertised notion that he should be the super-performer in what has been called the decade of orgasmic preoccupation—a preoccupation that could be enhanced by Masters' and Johnson's emphasis on sex as a form of salvation.

Behind this new (or old) morality lurk many of the same fears of inadequacy, the same sexual myths and mistakes, that disturbed earlier generations. Dr. Eugene Schoenfeld ("Dr. Hippocrates"), whose free-wheeling column of

medical advice runs in 15 underground newspapers, reports that a surprising number of his supposedly liberated young male readers worry about penis length. He also gets letters from men with hang-ups about masturbation: "They're worried that it will grow hair on the palms of their hands or rot their brains out or something." Virginia Johnson has known women who thought that men, like Priapus, have permanent erections. "A lot of uninformed women," she says, "are like the little kid who, upon learning about pregnancy for the first time, said, 'In there with all that spinach!'"

In their treatment of sexually myth-ridden patients, Masters and Johnson use an eclectic and considerate approach. For example, the use of therapeutic teams composed of one man and one woman relieves the couple entering treatment from having to discuss, at first, humiliating shortcomings with someone of the opposite sex. The foundation has two such teams and hopes eventually to train two or three more.

Within three days, if things go right, the patients are talking openly to both therapists—and to each other. By then they have been given a thorough physical examination and are ready, despite nervousness, to begin the physical part of the treatment, which is carefully calculated to ease the burden of fear, shame and ignorance that impedes normal sex function. The couples are told that nothing is expected of them and that much more can be learned from occasional failures than from unbroken success in the course of treatment.

Role Reversal

At the direction—never the command—of their therapists, the patients are encouraged to begin exploring the latent capabilities and mysteries of their bodies. As a first step, they are asked to disrobe in the privacy of their apartment bedroom and caress each other in ways only indirectly sexual—a gentle stroking of the back, a hand lightly tracing the contours of a thigh. Taking turns is an important part of the therapy. One spouse is the giver, the other the getter of pleasure. The roles are then reversed. In succeeding sessions, the caressing becomes more intimate, until at last the partners explore the full pleasure potential of sexual union. The clinic's approach is to remove, or at least reduce, the pressures that can turn sex into a dreaded command performance. Each day, the couples return to the clinic for an extended discussion with the therapists. Outside of that, their schedule is their own; they find their own way freely, and at their own pace. As part of the process, the couples are granted what might be called sexual vacations. One day, for instance, without warning, they will be asked to do nothing more intimate than that evening than go out to dinner and a movie. And never are the patients graded in any way; never is it proposed that they are ready for the con-

summating moment. Says Virginia Johnson: "Just going from A to B may be enough; it is not necessary always to go from A to Z."

Indeed, Masters and Johnson do not speak of success rate but of failure rate. "Sexual adequacy," says Masters, "is probably a state of mind." So is sexual inadequacy. Chief among its manifestations are primary impotence (the male's lifelong inability to achieve vaginal penetration), secondary impotence (at least one successful penetration), and among women, the inability to reach orgasm, either all or most of the time.

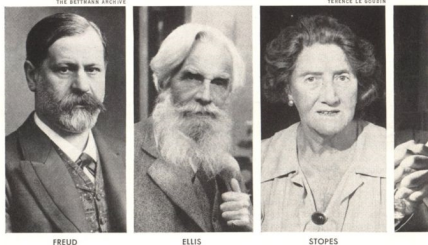
Failure rates varied widely. For primary impotence, a symptom treated in 32 males, it was 40%—in the authors' judgment, a clinical "disaster." On the other hand, vaginismus—a form of muscular spasm making intercourse difficult or impossible—proved totally amenable to treatment. All 29 of the patients with this complaint were cured within two weeks.

The foundation's overall failure rate, after five years of follow-up by

which medicine has a responsibility. It is not a popular opinion."

It has never been popular. The pioneers of research into sexuality—Freud, Wilhelm Reich, Havelock Ellis, Richard von Krafft-Ebing, Marie Stopes, Alfred Kinsey—were initially vilified. Bill Masters openly acknowledges his debt to these precursors, particularly to Kinsey, whose studies, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male* (1948) and *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female* (1953), were the first serious attempts to analyze quantitatively the variety and nature of "orgasmic encounters." Kinsey's data were flawed by the narrow range of his interviewed sampling and by his determinedly mechanistic approach to the subject of sex. Nonetheless, his research legitimized the study of a hitherto taboo subject. Says Masters: "He opened the door. We wanted to kick it all the way open."

The first kick produced *Human Sexual Response* in 1966, a meticulous description of the physiological changes that take place in the male and female



telephone, was only 20%. The calls are supportive inquiries about how the former patients are getting along. As it turns out, most are getting along fine: 95% of those successfully treated during their two weeks at the foundation report continuing success after five years. Without question the large majority of cases treated by the foundation showed some improvement, however modest. "The level of discovery," says Virginia Johnson, "is often quite phenomenal. It's like 'Gee, oh, gee whiz'—almost that ridiculous—I felt it. Wow!"

The very idea that sex researchers like Masters and Johnson can professionally guide couples to mutually satisfactory intercourse still produces some outrage. "There are many people who think that sexual function should never be investigated, that it is simply 'sacred ground,'" says Masters. "For those who feel this way, I have no answer except to say that's their opinion and I honor it. I happen to think it is a field in

body during sex. The subjects were recruited largely from the academic community at Washington University and its medical school. They were paid to perform coitus, self-manipulation and a variety of other acts while clinic personnel, including Masters and Johnson, watched and filmed the proceedings. Although the book was deliberately written in clinical terms digestible only by doctors, it sold 250,000 copies in hard-cover—at \$10 each. *Response* also sparked a number of journalistic poodles, plus at least two lubricious novels—*Venus Examined*, *The Experiment*—about goings-on at sex-research centers. Masters and Johnson became public figures.

Within the medical profession, commentary on *Human Sexual Response* was overwhelmingly favorable. Like most of their predecessors, Masters and Johnson were also subjected to a barrage of stinging criticism that has yet to subside. They were accused of using

a troupe of sexual athletes wholly untypical of the population at large. Masters had built a rather bizarre device: a plastic dildo connected to a camera, which could photograph the interior of the vagina. Partly because of this apparatus, the authors were accused of dehumanizing sex and concentrating on technique at the expense of romance and morality. Psychiatrists and clergymen attacked the project as an invasion of privacy. Masters and Johnson were rebuked for writing a book about sex without once using the word love. The authors have chosen not to defend their books, but Masters does have a comment about this particular accusation. "Can you imagine that [as a criticism of] a physiology textbook?" he asks. "The word love is in *Human Sexual Inadequacy*. Just twice. On the same page. Find it."⁸ He believes that the detailed study of sexual physiology in *Response* was a necessary first step toward their second objective: the treatment of sexual failure. "We are studying sexuality in the total context of

fect sexual satisfaction. Among their conclusions:

- Penis size has nothing to do with sexual effectiveness.
- Baldness is not a sign of virility.
- There is no physiological difference, as Freud proposed, between a clitoral orgasm and a vaginal orgasm.
- Humans can remain sexually active well into their ninth decade. "All that is necessary," says Masters, "is reasonably good health and an interested and interesting partner."
- Intercourse is not dangerous at any time during pregnancy—unless, says Masters, it is contraindicated by "ruptured membranes, pain and bleeding."
- Masturbation is not harmful.

All of their research reflects Masters' and Johnson's conviction that in the exercise of sex nothing is forbidden as long as it is acceptable and pleasurable to both partners.

So far, their new book has stirred less controversy than their earlier work, perhaps because its intended professional audience has not yet read it. Nonetheless, the Masters and Johnson approach has been sharply criticized by some medical authorities. Manhattan Psychiatrist Natalie Shainess contends that the authors' coldly technical attitude toward therapy robs sex of its joy and meaning. Existential Psychoanalyst Rollo May, who was less than enthusiastic about the authors' research into the mechanics of coital function, says that Masters and Johnson are fighting puritanism with "the new technology"—a dangerous weapon because it contributes to the depersonalization of sex by assuming that sex is part of technology.

The sharpest attack on Masters and Johnson centers on their therapeutic use of what they euphemistically call "partner surrogates" for 41 single men who were accepted by the foundation for treatment. One-third of these patients had once been married; sexual inadequacy was a key factor in their divorces. Even though the philosophy of the clinic is treatment within the marriage context, Masters and Johnson decided to accept these patients.

Giving to Get

The 13 female surrogates, drawn from the St. Louis area, were considered and trained as part of the therapeutic team. They were enjoined against becoming emotionally involved with, or even seeing, male patients once the two-week treatment ended—and none did. To some critics, the surrogates were nothing other than well-meaning unpaid prostitutes. But Dr. Masters, arguing that "these men are societal cripples," asks: "Does society want them treated? If they are not treated, it is discrimination of one segment of society over another." Surrogates were not supplied for women, since, explains Mrs. Johnson, "in our society, the female is taught that only marriage gives her permission to be a sexual creature, and we are only giving her more difficulty if we

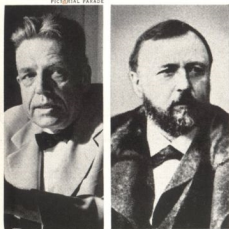
try to treat her outside of marriage."

Some critics suggest that Masters and Johnson see no relation between sex and morality. In fact, they do take an implicit stand on sexual morality. They believe in the principle—hardly new but easily forgotten—of "giving in order to get." They also believe that sex is a mutual experience into which both partners must enter without reservation or shame, and that the ultimate goal of sex is communication—the only true basis for marriage. Their entire course of therapy is aimed at expelling from the bedroom two invisible people who do not belong there. Masters and Johnson call them "spectators": the man worrying whether he will be successful this time; the woman concerned about her own chances of pleasure in so precarious a situation. Once anxieties about performance have been allayed, once the spectators have left the room, nature can take over unassisted.

Lifelong Goal

Bill Masters and Virginia Johnson reached St. Louis and their dedication to sex research by entirely different routes. Inspired by the passionate medical interests of his younger brother Francis, now a plastic surgeon in Kansas City, Kans., Masters also chose to study medicine. During his junior year at the University of Rochester's medical school, he fixed on his lifelong professional goal. An internship in obstetrics and gynecology in St. Louis reinforced his conviction that sex was the last important biological function that was still largely unexplored. "I got no training in sexual functioning," he says. "Neither did any doctor who went to school. When patients came and began to question me as the 'authority,' I had to admit my appalling ignorance. You get awfully tired of saying 'I don't know.'" After a decade of study in hormonal treatment for the wasting effects of age, Masters began a research program in sexual physiology under the auspices of the Washington University medical school in 1954.

His research associate, born of a Missouri farm family named Eshelman, grew up within the rigid sexual taboos of the back country. "I was never told about menstruation or anything," she says. "There was a very rigid rejection of anything sexual. You didn't talk about it." Her 1950 marriage to a musician ended in divorce six years and two children later. Says she: "Musicians are night people and babies are day people, and I couldn't handle it all." She met Masters in 1956 when job-hunting in St. Louis. He was looking for a female research associate for his program. "My attitude was," he says, "that if you're going into sex research, it is apparent that both sexes should be represented. No man is going to know very much about the human female, and no woman is going to know very much about the male." Although Mrs. Johnson now has some credits toward a doctorate in



KINSEY

KRAFFT-EBING

human experience," he insists. "But we had to start with the how and the what of sex before we could go on to the why."

Insights gained in the authors' earlier study have proved invaluable in therapy. Working with the subjects who contributed to *Response*, for instance, they discovered a simple technique for the prevention of premature ejaculation that has proved highly successful in treatment. In matters of sexual technique, they suggest that the "female superior" position in coitus should be used more often. Not only does this position offer the woman a better chance of achieving orgasm, but it is also useful in the relief of most male inadequacies, since it allows the woman partner more freedom of movement and, hence, more control.

Masters and Johnson have disproved a host of myths that can and do af-

⁸ Page 299.

From Ben-Was to Bedroom Athletics

TWO other books about sex, both now riding the best-seller lists, differ as widely as—well, man and woman. Unlike *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, both are emphatically nontechnical works that make no claim to scholarship or original research.

Psychiatrist David Reuben's *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex* ("But Were Afraid to Ask") might better be titled *More Than You Ever Wanted to Know About Sex* ("Because You Didn't Know What to Ask"). Using a question-and-answer technique, the author tours every inch of the sexual landscape, from abortion to "September sex." And then some. Who but Reuben, for instance, would dream of inquiring: "What's a *ben-wa*?" (A self-stimulating device used by Japanese women.) Or, "Do fetishists get married?" (They do.) Reuben wrote his book, he says, because "in virtually every patient, I see a person living in the Space Age who has left his (or her) sexual organs in the Stone Age." It must be a good reason, since *Everything* (David McKay; \$6.95) has sold nearly 400,000 copies since its publication last November.

Reuben manages to convey enough common sense to make the book at least episodically informative. He reflects a matter-of-fact permissiveness about sexuality, and straightforwardly attacks a variety of common myths. But the book has probably infuriated as many readers as it has enlightened. "Human destiny," writes the author at one point, "is constant, relentless copulation"—unintentionally implying that sex is almost a reflex function, like bowel movement. Elsewhere, Reuben suggests that Coke is "the best douche available."



REUBEN

He also compares ejaculation to a missile launching into outer space—adding, jauntily, that the sexual launching is into "inner space." This too-calculated irreverence and tasteless tone undermine Reuben's attempt to inform.

The other sexual bestseller, *The Sensuous Woman*, by "J" (Lyle Stuart; \$6), reads like a put-on. It probably isn't. Purportedly addressed to women, the book is a do-it-yourself guide to sexual fulfillment. As one step toward achieving orgasm, it recommends masturbation "to your heart's content"—advice that the author claims to have followed herself. Behind the pseudonymous "J" is Missouri-born Joan Garrity, 31, who has worked in public relations for several Manhattan publishing firms.

Miss Garrity's objective in writing the book, beyond the money in it (85,000 copies sold), was to persuade women no prettier than herself ("I have heavy thighs, lumpy hips, protruding teeth, a ski-jump nose, poor posture, flat feet, and uneven ears") that being unattractive is no obstacle in the sex game. Her rules for playing it are inventive, to say the least. Among other things, she invites her readers to fantasize "being ravished by a tiger," to keep a sex diary ("briefly rate your sexual response as suprb, good, indifferent or lousy"), and to "train like an athlete for the act of love." To that end, she urges female readers: "Learn to move your pelvis and behind as if they were loaded with ball bearings."

From such advice—in fact, from the book's concentration on the acrobatics of sex—the reader might conclude that sex is a controlled form of muscular combat, akin to pro football.



GARRITY

psychology, she has no college degree. "The disciplinary background for this work really doesn't matter very much," Masters explains. "There's no discipline that one can say is uniquely vital to the program."

The foundation claims seven days and two nights of every week and permits the researchers little or no private life. Masters is married and the father of two children, but he adamantly sequesters his family from the inquisitive, presumably because it must not be easy to be the wife or child of a sex researcher. "His whole life is here at the lab," says Virginia Johnson. So is hers, although she does, like Masters, take Sunday afternoons off.

Since 1964, their clinic has operated as a private foundation. It currently has half a dozen projects in motion, among them an inquiry into the physiology and treatment of homosexuality, chiefly female, another aimed at the prevention rather than the treatment of sexual inadequacy. Its operating budget of \$500,000 a year comes from private contributions, such small grants as it is able to wheedle out of philanthropic foundations ("None of the big ones would touch us," says Masters, "too controversial"), and fees from patients,

who are charged on a sliding scale that ranges from nothing to \$2,500 for the treatment. Masters and Johnson divide their publishing royalties three ways: one-third to the foundation, the rest for themselves.

"Mom and Pop"

They insist that they are not sex educators but sex investigators. Nonetheless, they are acutely aware of the public appetite for knowledge—and of the generally unreliable character of the sex information now available. "The greatest form of sex education," Masters once said, "is Pop walking past Mom in the kitchen and patting her on the fanny, and Mom obviously liking it. The kids take a look at this action and think, 'Boy, that's for me!'" Otherwise, the uninformed must depend largely on the flood of literature—1,500 marriage manuals in print, more published every month—that pours out in response to the demand. Much of it is trash. One contemporary marriage manual warns that the health and happiness of man and wife may be destroyed unless their every sexual congress ends in joint climax. By contrast, Masters and Johnson believe that simultaneous orgasm is unnecessary and that its occurrence is "just

a beautiful coincidence." Equally undependable as guides to conjugal happiness are two books soaring high on the bestseller lists (see box).

The magnitude of the problem of sexual inadequacy, and their own limitations in treating it, distress both Masters and Johnson. They know that *Human Sexual Inadequacy* will inspire sexually incompatible couples to try do-it-yourself therapy, and they hope that the result will be beneficial. At the very least, says Masters, the book may create a land-office demand for professional help that will force therapists—especially those in medicine—to enlarge their own understanding of sexual function.

Beyond that, he says, readers who suffer from sexual malfunction "will find out that they're not the only ones in the world with this affliction, and this in itself is reassuring. They will know that professional help can be sought, and they may have some concept of how to do it. Finally, if they read with any objectivity, they'll come to realize that the one thing that is lacking in their marriage is some form of communication." Clearly, in the opinion of Masters and Johnson, the best communication of all is conjugal sex.

Capri. The first sexy European under \$2300.

Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Does not include transportation charges, dealer preparation, if any, state and local taxes.

There used to be two kinds of imports. Beautiful, sporty and expensive; or plain, dull and inexpensive. Now there's something better than either: it's beautiful and inexpensive. It's the success car of the decade in Europe, and now it's available in America in limited quantities.

Capri offers an extravagant collection of exciting features as standard equipment. Features that are usually optional. Radial tires. Styled steel wheels. Soft vinyl front buckets (red car comes with black vinyl); other interiors: beechnut [shown], blue and red). Luxurious carpeting. A European-type instru-

ment panel with wood grain effect. Flow-thru ventilation.

Sound unfamiliar for a low-priced car? It is.

And there's still more that's standard. Lots of room for four big adults. Easy maintenance (with lots of do-it-yourself tips in the owner's manual). Power disc brakes up front. Four-speed synchromesh transmission. The kind of gas mileage you'd expect from a small imported car.

There's only one word for it. Sexy. And that's unheard of at less than \$2300. Until now.



Imported by Lincoln-Mercury.



Capri Sport Coupe.

LINCOLN-MERCURY



Morning:
Remember your



stomach gets up too.

The two of you should share a bowl of Kellogg's® Raisin Bran. It's a very easy way to face breakfast at 7 a.m. It's got fruit.

It's got looks. It's got lightness. It's got nutrition. The only thing you bring is you and a little milk and sugar. We figure if breakfast is easier to face, the day will be easier to face. Isn't that a nice thought?



Kellogg's

Morning. Let's face it together.

RUM & ORANGE. IT'S A SCREWDRIVER MADE WITH RUM. DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



A screwdriver tastes like orange juice. Vodka, which is virtually tasteless, does nothing for it. But it does do something to it. It makes the orange juice taste thinner.

A Rum & Orange tastes like orange juice, too. But rum does have a taste. A taste that complements the orange juice. So rum doesn't make it taste thinner. It makes it taste better.

At least Puerto Rican Rum does. It's not dark and sweet and syrupy like rum from other countries.

Ours is light and clear and dry. With no bite or strong aroma. Because all Puerto Rican Rums are distilled at high proof. And aged. And filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

Try the taste. Make it like a screwdriver, but make it with white or silver Puerto Rican Rum.

PUERTO RICAN RUM

THE PRESS

Missing in Cambodia (Contd.)

Few correspondents know their way around as well as Richard Beebe Dudman. Resourceful without being reckless, in 20 years on the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* he has learned to operate with equal ease in Cuba or Washington, the Middle East or London, Viet Nam or Paris. But no newsman can be at ease on assignment in Cambodia.

One day this month, on his sixth visit to Indochina, Dudman left Saigon in a turquoise scout car for a firsthand look at developments across the Cambodian border in Svay Rieng province and perhaps Phnom-Penh. Driving the car was Michael Morrow, 24, a found-

role as journalists. In fact, each of the three has criticized U.S. military involvement in Indochina. In 1963 Dudman was even refused a visa by South Viet Nam after he wrote articles unfavorable to the Diem regime.

The trio's disappearance brought the number of journalists missing in the Cambodian-South Vietnamese area to eleven, including two other Americans (TIME, April 20). As official and unofficial attempts to locate them continued last week, one response came from Cambodia's deposed Prince Sihanouk. Cabled in Peking by the *Christian Science Monitor*, Sihanouk replied: "If news of these journalists reaches us at any time, I shall not fail to inform you."



DUDMAN



POND



MORROW

Across the border in a turquoise scout car.

der and correspondent of Dispatch News Service, the tiny agency that distributed Seymour Hersh's Pulitzer-prizewinning story on My Lai. Between the two men sat Elizabeth Ann Pond, 33, on leave from her job as Viet Nam correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Noncombative. The trip was supposed to take less than two days. Beth Pond, in fact, was due the next night at a small dinner party being given by South Vietnamese President Nguyen Van Thieu. But the group ran into difficulty at a Cambodian army roadblock on the outskirts of Svay Rieng town. Ronald Ross, correspondent for the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*, was in another vehicle ahead of them. "I looked back and saw Dick and Beth arguing with the Cambodians about getting through," he says. Ross continued on his way. Dudman, Morrow and Pond have not been heard from since.

Back in Saigon, fellow correspondents concluded that the Viet Cong had captured the Dudman group after it finally got past the roadblock. Morrow, whose wife was born in Hanoi, speaks Vietnamese, so there was hopeful speculation that he could explain their noncombative

Stronger Voice for Reporters

Gripping by reporters is as endemic to the newspaper business as deadlines. Whenever newsmen get together, chances are they will complain about being underpaid or overedited, or both. Lately, some reporters in the U.S. have been showing signs of more organized dissatisfaction about other issues. They are following a European trend (TIME, Jan. 19) and seeking a bigger voice in how their papers are run. Items:

► Under a new Newspaper Guild contract at the Denver *Post*, three reporters will meet monthly in committee with three members of management to discuss questions of publishing ethics. (One grievance the reporters plan to raise is the assignment of so-called puff pieces to support ads in special sections.) Some young reporters are skeptical of the committee's effectiveness. With staffers from the *Rocky Mountain News*, they are trying to start their own watchdog journal, along the lines of the Chicago *Journalism Review*.

► At the Rochester *Times-Union* and the *Democrat and Chronicle*, both owned by the Gannett Company, re-

porters, copy editors and photographers started taking turns this year sitting in as policy-making members of the editorial board, Says Executive Vice President Al Neuhauser: "We believe control of policy should be in the bosses' hands because that's where the ultimate responsibility lies. But we also feel journalists at every level should be encouraged to contribute their best talents and ideas."

► At the Minneapolis *Tribune*, a group of reporters organized themselves in February "to promote quality journalism," held some 20 meetings in their homes and exchanged thoughts one Saturday morning at the press club with *Tribune* President John Cowles Jr., Executive Editor Bower Hawthorne and Managing Editor Wallace Allen. Cowles agreed that the paper needed more rapport with young readers, though he challenged one reporter's notion that Bob Dylan is as important to this generation as Charles Lindbergh was to his. Other results: follow-up discussions between top editors and individual staffers, and a questionnaire from Allen seeking details of specific complaints.

► At the New York *Post*, most of the editorial staff signed a petition last September seeking closer communication between the newsroom and Dorothy Schiff, publisher and editor in chief. Mrs. Schiff began weekly meetings with representative groups the next month. Among staff suggestions already acted upon: more attention to the black community and youth activities, including the assigning of a full-time rock music critic, and the appointment of a "futures" editor to plan some stories further ahead, enabling reporters to do more research.

Reporters are stirring collectively at other U.S. papers, most notably at the New York *Times*. More than 30 *Times* staffers, including top reporters and critics, gathered privately one recent Sunday afternoon to discuss morale and swap complaints. Managing Editor A.M. Rosenthal says that no formal committee exists, and he has received no demands. But smaller meetings are continuing, and some approach to management is in the offing. One likely pitch: that the *Times* editors are out of touch with some groups, particularly students and blacks, and that their judgment about stories about those groups is sometimes uninformed. As a result, say these reporters, even the *Times*' extensive coverage may not be adequate. "What we need," says one, "is more direct relations with the editors who run the paper."

An Act of Usurpation

It was like a clenched fist at a garden party. Discreet ads presented their accustomed celebration of the good life. Rolls-Royces at \$31,600. Bracelets at \$1,200 each ("Two will give you a beautiful necklace"). The cartoons included the customary chuckle at suburbia. White space set off John Updike's lat-

The President of the New York Stock Exchange discusses:

Eleven facts to help you understand the changes in stock fees.

In recent weeks, the New York Stock Exchange has taken two steps that have brought forth a good deal of discussion. I want to tell you why we have taken these actions.

On February 13, the Exchange passed on to the Securities and Exchange Commission a commission plan developed by an independent research organization. This study's conclusions, which have not yet been endorsed by the Board of Governors or the members of the Exchange, recommended reducing present commissions on trades of 300 shares or more and raising commissions on smaller transactions.

This is a complicated matter. It will take months for the SEC to examine the details and arrive at a point of view, and ultimately our members must vote on the final plan.

With a decision in the indefinite future, and relief sorely needed by the securities industry, the Exchange filed with the SEC an interim plan that would require member firm brokers to add a service charge of up to \$15 on orders of 1,000 shares or less of NYSE listed stock. This is now in effect on a 90-day trial basis.

We believe this is a constructive step in the direction of two basic Exchange goals—to ease the industry's financial plight, and to provide improved service for the small investor.

Much of the comment that has been heard these last weeks has centered on what happens to the so-called small investor when he is asked to pay more for buying and selling stocks.

And there has also been criticism based on a misunderstanding of the facts.

This message gives you the facts so you can see the overall picture for yourself.

Fact 1. Commission rates have not been increased in 12 years. We doubt that this is true of any other industry. If there are exceptions, there are certainly few.

Yet the cost of living and doing business has gone up and up. Nobody is more of an expert on that fact than you are. You don't have to be reminded of what has happened to medical bills, rents, transportation fares, and practically everything else.

Fact 2. As for the broker, he has been hit hard by rising costs. His office rent has gone up 82% in these 12 years. Wage rates for non-supervisory personnel are up 50%. The cost of market information services has risen 77%. And the cost of automation is now running at an annual rate of \$100 million for the industry.

Fact 3. The commission you pay when you buy and sell stock is among the lowest anybody pays for the transfer of any kind of property. Despite this fact, much of the criticism



has focused on the theme that, while an increase might be necessary, the proposed increase is too high.

The February 13 proposal suggested that commissions on orders up to 300 shares be increased an average of about 60%.

What it amounts to is that the investor would pay the broker an average of about 1.7% of the amount he invests. Under the new interim service charge, it averages even less—about 1.5%. This compares with an average of 1.1% for the last 12 years. That would still make it among the lowest costs for buying or selling any property.

Fact 4. If the securities industry, like many others, had increased its rates in each of these 12 years, in step with the increases in costs, the increase needed now would be barely noticeable. During the 12-year gap, volume was increasing remarkably.

Along with this flood of orders came the need for enormous expenditures for automation, new personnel, and a general overhaul of methods.

This is the experience we are going through now. And the cost is simply staggering.

Fact 5. For most firms, the cost of handling the small order has become a losing proposition. It is not hard to see how inadequate 1958 commissions must be in the light of 1970 costs.

About 70% of the trades on the Exchange floor fall into the small order classification.

As a result, in 1969 many firms suffered severe losses, running into many millions of dollars. For the industry as a whole, profit on commission income dropped from 4.6% in 1968 to less than zero a year later. The situation is even worse this year, with costs up and trading volume down.

Some firms have been forced to merge. Many have closed branch offices. Some have simply gone out of business.

Nobody wants this to continue—certainly not the millions of individual investors who use the brokers' services and facilities.

Fact 6. In the light of the fact that many firms have lost money handling small transactions, it is certainly understandable that some firms have either discouraged the small investor or even turned him away.

Brokers, like other businessmen, tend to concentrate their effort where they can make a fair profit.

However, many NYSE member firms have continued to welcome the small investor and serve him well.

The fact is that there have always been, and always will be, brokers to serve investors of all kinds.

Fact 7. The new interim service charge will mean greater service to the small investor. All member firms that have traditionally served small investors are now required to remove any restrictions they have recently imposed on the size of orders they would handle.

Fact 8. It is the right of investors to service that prompted the February 13 proposal to increase commissions to a fair and realistic 1970 level. It is the most elementary common sense that the retailer—as brokers call themselves when they handle individual accounts—must have the traditional incentive of profit to motivate him.

Under the present schedule of commission rates, without the service charge, even many highly efficient firms could not realize a profit on small orders.

It should be understood (and it seems to be too often overlooked) that the new interim service charge does not guarantee any member firm a profit on small transactions.

It simply increases the possibility of profit.

Fact 9. Brokerage firms, in common with every other business, must place themselves on a sound economic footing—not only for today, but for the future. They must do this to keep the people who own them from withdrawing their capital, and to attract new capital to finance the enormous costs of automation and having people and equipment to handle the few peak days each year when volume soars.

It is not just a matter of avoiding losses or squeaking by on a near break-even profit.

Fact 10. It is not realistic to say, as some people insist, that profit on the big trades should cover the losses on the small. The fact here is that many brokerage firms specialize in the type of business they do. Many have chosen to concentrate primarily on individual investors. Others specialize in institutional business—handling large orders for mutual funds, banks, pension funds, and insurance companies.

There is no fair way that the profits of firms concentrating on institutional business can subsidize the losses that other firms doing a general retail business suffer on small transactions.

Interim service charge now in effect

Here's how the interim service charge, now in effect, works.

- On orders up to 1,000 shares, a \$15 service charge will be added to the present commission.
- In no case will this charge be more than 50% above the minimum commission. For example, on a small order where the commission will be \$20, the service charge will be an additional 50% (\$10) for a total of \$30.

Fact 11. Finally, it is a fact, in every sense of the word, that the securities industry wants and needs the individual investor. It is the steady flow of small orders as well as big that makes it possible for investors to find buyers and sellers in the central auction market, usually in a matter of minutes and at a price close to the last trade.

This is called liquidity, and it is the heart of the whole system that has made the Exchange market such a convenient, democratic and workable facility.

As for what the public thinks, an independent research firm sampled a cross-section of 2,000 investors and non-investors. The findings indicate: (a) most don't realize that commissions are as low as they are, (b) most believe, in fact, that they are substantially higher, and (c) overwhelmingly they feel that the proposed new rates are reasonable.

When you hear that the industry, by raising rates, is nudging the individual investor out of the market, let me assure you that this is simply not true.

In all this, one thing is certain: no commission structure—no matter how fair, reasonable and necessary—is going to be just right in the mind of everybody. That would be asking too much of 26 million investors and the many others who are deeply and properly concerned.

I sincerely hope this message has helped you see the many sides of the picture, so you can better understand the steps we have taken.



Robert W. Haack
President, New York Stock Exchange

New York Stock Exchange



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est four-line poem, "Upon Shaving Off One's Beard." But leading off last week's "Talk of the Town" section, with Eustace Tilley presiding at the top of the page as usual, was the sternest editorial *The New Yorker* has ever run.

"The two-hundred-year-old American system," it declared, had come under "its most serious attack in modern times, not from the poor, the blacks, or the students, but from the White House." President Nixon's ordering of U.S. troops into Cambodia, it contended, "was in disregard of the Constitution, the tempering strictures of our history, and the principles of the American democracy." It was, therefore, an act of usurpation." Other strictures: "He made war by fiat . . . Our democracy is not an elective dictatorship . . . The President has now declared himself superior to the people, to the legislature, and to the laws."

Another editorial praised the students who protested the President's action: "The week belonged to the young; they provided its victims, its rage and energy, most of its history, and all of its sense of a future re-opened . . . There were strikes, fire bombings and street fights; there were prayers and marches and assemblies. All, perhaps, were inevitable, and were necessary to awaken a sense of remaining alternatives in a people who had lapsed into apathy, exhausted by a meaningless, unending war, silenced by the smiling orthodoxy of an Administration that condoned the most vicious attacks on almost every form of dissent."

Grim Period. To many readers the editorials² suggested that *The New Yorker* is changing, that it is taking a new interest in serious issues. Mild-mannered Editor William Shawn almost sighs at the idea. He heard the same reaction when an issue of the magazine was given over to John Hersey's documentary on Hiroshima in 1946; when it carried Rachel Carson's warning against contamination, *Silent Spring*, in 1962; when it ran Richard Harris' analysis of the Justice Department last year. And he has heard it on many other occasions, including the aftermath of editorial attacks on President Johnson over Viet Nam.

But if last week's editorials did not represent an abrupt change for *The New Yorker*, even Shawn concedes that their tone may have revealed "deeper disquiet." In Shawn's view, this was because the events warranted it. "It was," he said, "one of the grimmest weeks that the country has ever lived through." Then he smiled slightly. "Despite that, there's also a lot of fun in the issue." Dick Nixon may not think so, unless he is in the market for a Rolls.

² The one on Nixon was written by Richard N. Goodwin, a former aide to both John and Robert Kennedy, and a contributor to the magazine since 1964; the one on youth was written by Roger Angell, 49, a *New Yorker* staffer since 1956.

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Colin Chapman chose the engine of the Renault 16 for his Lotus Europa.

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Someone is sleeping in Detroit.

Road Test is an impartial magazine. At the time of this writing, it did not even take advertising. After exhaustive tests on the Renault 16, Road Test wound up suggesting that "all the automotive designers in Detroit be ordered to spend two weeks behind the wheel of this car in the hopes that their dormant imaginations might be sparked to life." Thank you, Road Test.

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Stirling Moss has written: "There is no doubt that the Renault 16 is the most intelligently engineered automobile I have ever encountered and I think that each British motor-car manufacturer would do well to

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Its engine gets a miserly 30 miles per gallon. But it does an honorable 93 mph, top speed.

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THE THEATER

BY FRIEDMAN—ZODIAC



SHAWHAN IN "MOD DONNA"
A barbed wit.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, The Girls Are Marching

Joseph Papp is highly receptive to current issues; he believes that drama should involve itself intimately with subjects that stir, fascinate and disturb people. Out of this concern came the first off-Broadway production of *Hair* and of *No Place to Be Somebody*, the black play that won this year's Pulitzer Prize for drama.

Not surprisingly, Papp is the director and producer of the first musical related to the Women's Liberation movement, *Mod Donna*. A male playgoer is bound to approach a show like this with the trepidation of a little boy about to down a spoonful of cod-liver oil. He will be pleased to discover that *Mod Donna* is a bracing tonic.

The story is a Nineteen-Twentyish drawing-room comedy that concentrates on a *ménage-à-trois*: tycoon, wife and mistress. The other woman is the wife of the tycoon's business associate who has already bedded the tycoon's wife.

At this level, Playwright Myrna Lamb casts one ambiguous vote for hanky-panky. On the Brechtian Greek chorus song-and-dance level she casts one unambiguous vote for women's freedom. The chorus delineates the roles into which women have presumably been thrust and demeaned—cook, clerk, wife, mother and sexual plaything.

It is not necessary to agree with the agitprop to discern in Playwright Lamb a deft lyricist with barbed wit and a non-sense lucidity about contemporary man-woman relationships. Papp moves an able cast around with fluent precision; as the other woman, April Shawhan is certainly one of the loveliest warriors who ever enlisted in the battle of the sexes.

Shubert Alley Cat

Whenever a good revival comes along, the tendency is to say automatically that the play demonstrates its timelessness. It might be equally true to say that it shows the timelessness of the audience. A revival is a form of folklore. It testifies to a character or a quality in a play for which people have a deep-down relish, even though decades may have gone by since the play was originally produced. *Room Service* is 33 years old, and it revolves around just such a folklorish figure, the shoestring Broadway producer. Gordon Miller (Ron Leibman) is part wind machine, part mongoose, part Machiavelli and part mad.

He has managed to lodge and rehearse a 19-member cast in the White Way Hotel, where his brother-in-law is the hotel manager. Miller's line of credit consists of exactly 67¢ cash (in the playwright's pocket) and \$1,200 in unpaid hotel bills. Suddenly a dragon of a hotel inspector is breathing fire down everyone's neck. Fortunately, a backer appears. At one of many crucial and hilarious moments, Miller, with no ink in his pen, frantically tries to pierce his wrist and draw blood so that the angel can sign the contract. From then on, Miller merely sweats blood through one farcical contretemps after another until his production finally becomes a smash hit.

Ron Leibman is a manic delight in the key role, twitching mutely when in despair, brassily egomaniacal in victory, and forever sniffing the theatrical climate like a raunchy Shubert Alley cat. The rest of the cast play lesser roles with no less finesse, and pace-setting Director Harold Stone leaves no comic corner unturned.

BY FRIEDMAN—ZODIAC



LEIBMAN IN "ROOM SERVICE"
A manic twitch.



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THE LAW

Military Congressmen

No person holding any office under the United States shall be a member of either House during his continuance in office.

—U.S. Constitution
(Article 1, Section 6)

The framers intended that provision to enforce "separation of powers"—the principle that all three branches of Government must be independent and thus able to check and balance one another. As one result, Cabinet members and all Government employees are forbidden to serve in Congress. But what about Congressmen who belong to the military reserves?

Last week that ticklish question was raised by a California-based group of military reservists who oppose the Viet Nam War. In a suit filed against the Secretary of Defense in the Washington, D.C., federal district court, the antiwar reservists claimed that 122 (more than one-fifth) of the nation's 535 Congressmen are violating the Constitution and may be unduly biased in favor of the military. Reason: they are members of reserve units or the National Guard.

The antiwar reservists seek a court order compelling Defense Secretary Melvin Laird to "remove from the rolls" all congressional reservists—which would include 29 members of key committees that deal with defense, foreign policy and appropriations. "As citizens and taxpayers," claimed Adam Hochschild, co-chairman of the Reservists Committee to Stop the War, "we are deprived of the unbiased judgment of these members of Congress on war and defense policy."

Advocate for Underdogs

Most lawyers have as much chance to appear before the Supreme Court as an airline pilot has of flying to the moon. Since February, though, a 34-year-old Stanford law professor named Anthony Amsterdam has taken four key cases to the high court. In one recent week, he appeared three times—prompting U.S. Solicitor General Erwin Griswold to write Amsterdam a joking note, calling for an "investigation of your practice of monopolizing litigation before the Supreme Court."

Tony Amsterdam's appearance this month involved what may well be the most dramatic problem before the court.

On behalf of William Maxwell, an Arkansas black sentenced to die in the electric chair for raping a white woman, Amsterdam challenged the constitutionality of the death penalty. The young attorney reminded the court that while he represented only Maxwell, the lives of 505 other men awaiting execution throughout the U.S. could depend upon the court's decision. In his compelling brief and oral argument, Amsterdam stressed the failure of Arkansas law to

provide the jury with any guiding standards when it sentenced Maxwell to execution. As a result, Amsterdam claimed, Arkansas juries have such arbitrary power that they "can take away a convicted man's life for any reason or for no reason at all—on a whim, a caprice—or because of the color of his skin."

Because the jurors decided both guilt and sentence at one sitting, Amsterdam continued, Maxwell's reliance on his privilege against self-incrimination precluded him from testifying not just on the question of guilt but on the question of punishment as well. This, said Amsterdam, deprived Maxwell of life and liberty without due process of law.

Worse Than a Dice Roll. For Tony Amsterdam, the long road to the Supreme Court in the Maxwell case began

WALTER DENNETT



AMSTERDAM OUTSIDE SUPREME COURT
Causes outrank money.

in 1966—with a phone call. Minutes after Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus signed Maxwell's death warrant, George Howard Jr., an Arkansas attorney, called the N.A.A.C.P. Legal Defense Fund in New York to ask for help. Amsterdam, a cooperating attorney for the L.D.F., was handed the case. In a matter of hours, he had studied the facts, mentally organized his arguments, and dictated by telephone to an Arkansas secretary the habeas corpus petition that may ultimately save Maxwell's life.

Dressed in a conservatively patterned gray-and-blue suit, Amsterdam presented his entire one-hour argument to the Supreme Court without notes. Like a prizefighter, he waited for an opening to punch his legal point home. When asked from the bench whether vague standards for juries might be no better

than a dice roll or the drawing of straws, he unleashed his legal jab. "What we have now is far worse than dice or straws," he said. "At least with the dice roll or straws, a black man has an equal chance with a white man."^{*}

Amsterdam frequently confounded Don Langston, the attorney for the State of Arkansas, with his encyclopedic recall of the law in the case. At one point, Langston, pressed by the court for a description of a state statute, confessed that his only knowledge of the particular law came through Amsterdam's exposition. And when a state attorney was asked by the court for a more exacting list of the nation's capital-punishment laws, he deferred to Amsterdam's facts and figures.

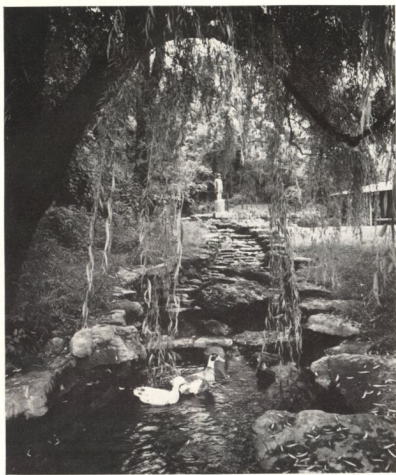
For all its impressiveness, Amsterdam's argument may be just a warm-up. Observers of the court believe it to be so closely divided on the capital-punishment issue that it will decide the Maxwell case on a technicality and wait for Justice Blackmun before tackling the constitutionality of the death penalty itself. In that event, Amsterdam almost certainly will be back on behalf of another condemned man.

Unabashed Idealist. A graduate with highest honors of Haverford College and the University of Pennsylvania Law School, Amsterdam remains an unabashed idealist, bent on righting every legal wrong possible during his 16- to 20-hour working day. After clerking for Justice Felix Frankfurter and serving a year as Assistant U.S. Attorney in the District of Columbia, he began teaching criminal law at Pennsylvania while bouncing from police court to Supreme Court in defense of civil rights workers. While still in his 20s, he distinguished himself as a legal scholar with a steady flow of law review articles.

Amsterdam has never accepted a legal fee. "I believe in the cause or the client," he says, "and either is more important than money." Yet his clients would be the envy of any criminal lawyer in the country. Besides Maxwell, Amsterdam represents New York Times Reporter Earl Caldwell, who is fighting a federal subpoena that demands his notes on the Black Panthers. He is also assisting in the appeals of Bobby Seale, William Kunstler and the Chicago Seven.

If the Supreme Court rules that juries in capital cases must have rational standards, what will Tony Amsterdam's next move be? "I admit," he says, "that I will probably be among the lawyers who will then challenge the standards as inadequate." His big passion is "underdogism." He insists that a free society must heed all views and factions. "After the revolution," says Amsterdam, "I will be representing the capitalists."

^{*} Amsterdam co-directed a study of rape convictions in Southern states, including Arkansas, which showed conclusively that a black man convicted of rape was more likely to receive the death sentence than a white convicted of the same crime.



OVER A CENTURY AGO, folks warned Jack Daniel against this weeping willow tree. Superstition said the willow was unlucky. And that the spring which it shaded would soon run dry. But Mr. Jack knew that without this pure spring there could be no Jack Daniel's. So he went ahead and built his distillery by the side of the stream, and made his whiskey with its very special water. Just a sip of his product, we believe, and you'll be pleased Mr. Jack had more faith in good water than in local superstition.



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DANCE

The Stars Beyond

"The other girls dance better than Margot now," a member of the Royal Ballet said recently. "But when she's on-stage, you still don't look at anyone else." That admission—and hastily appended tribute—seemed to sum up a transitional moment in the career of the world's most celebrated ballerina, and also in the life and youth of her well-traveled company.

Now 52, Margot Fonteyn has talked of retiring for several years. But each season, when the Royal Ballet makes its regular visit to the U.S., there is Dame Margot, with Fellow Superstar Rudi Nureyev, nearly as captivating as ever. During the current tour, for



MICHAEL COLEMAN & MERLE PARK

Sweet sentiment and sheer exuberance.

instance, she may have looked a shade worn to be doing *The Sleeping Beauty*. But her Juliet was so youthfully supple that she seemed to yield to Nureyev's lifts like some delicately submissive scarf of chiffon.

English Charm. Fonteyn and Nureyev have been dancing a great deal in New York. But many of the major roles and productions have also been performed by dancers other than the leading couple. Circumstances in the company, too, have encouraged an assessment of the Royal Ballet's talent and future—without Fonteyn.

This season, after seven years as director and 35 years with the company, Sir Frederick Ashton is retiring. The Royal Ballet bears Ashton's personal mark in many ways, particularly in its fondness for classical ballet, its elegant expressiveness and sheer English

charm. The company's cheerful pen-
chant for the stately pleasure domes of
dance—the long romantic narrative bal-
lets that delight the public, began when
Ashton revived them soon after the
war. Now Scottish-born Choreographer
Kenneth MacMillan is replacing Ashton.
He is best known for *Romeo and Ju-
liet*; but he once transformed *The Diary
of Anne Frank* into a ballet, and no
one yet knows what he will do with
the company. The triumphant New York
tour shows that whatever happens, Mac-
Millan and his new co-director, John
Field, have inherited a whole new wave
of younger dancers. Especially in the
U.S., their vitality and brilliance have
been too little noticed, because of the
popularity of the famous pair.

Jump for Joy. The best-matched cou-
ple for doing such things as *Sleeping
Beauty*, *Romeo and Juliet* and *Daphnis
and Chloë* are Antoinette Sibley, 31,
and Anthony Dowell, 26. They work to-
gether as often as Nureyev and Fon-
teyn but could hardly be more different
in style. For Nureyev's lynxlike power
and dramatic presence, Dowell, who
greatly resembles the Royal Danish Bal-
let's Erik Bruhn, substitutes the cool
grace and the effortless movement of a
danseur noble. Compared with Fonteyn's
magical feminine magnetism, Sibley
seems shy, vulnerable and distant. But
she moves in such harmony with Dow-
ell that they could be brother and sis-
ter, trained together from the cradle.

The group's most accomplished bal-
lerina is Merle Park. At 32, she is now
technically a better dancer than Fon-
teyn, and her *Giselle*, danced with Dow-
ell or Donald MacLeary, is already
ranked with the best in modern dance
history. Park conveys to audiences great
warmth and tenderness, as well as hu-
mility and humor in a way that make
her someone very like a Julie Harris
on points.

Dancing *Lise* in *La Fille Mal Gar-
dée*, she is as lighthearted as her par-
tner, Michael Coleman, who can hardly
be matched anywhere in the art of jump-
ing for joy. Coleman seldom dances
the gloomy-prince parts. But as the com-
pany's paramount performer of *pas de
deux*, he invariably stops the show by
turning intrusive exhibitionism into
sheer exuberance. Coleman and Park to-
gether in *Fille* are a perfect blend of
countrified slapstick and sweet senti-
ment. Romping round Maypoles and
through clod dances, winding themselves
into skeins of ribbon, they prove con-
clusively how hard it is to marry off a
pretty daughter to a rich gimpy-legged
clod—especially when there is a poor
but lively lad lurking behind the near-
est haystack. A visual blend of gaitered
Thomas Rowlandson and unbuckled
Kate Greenaway, *Fille* is a reminder
that what dance does best is delight the
eye and ease the heart. If the Royal Bal-
let Company should stop bringing it to
America, this ballet alone would be
well worth a *grand jeté* to London to
see and savor.

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ENVIRONMENT

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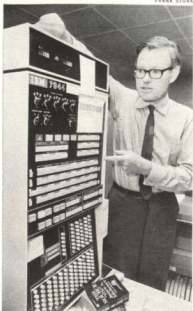
"The U.S.," says Zoologist Kenneth E.F. Watt of the University of California at Davis, "is plunging into the future without any planning worthy of the name." He has a vision of what the results of that plunge may be: the seething, hungry masses in Calcutta "give us an idea of what the world will look like when it is really breaking down." Right or wrong, Watt demands special respect. Backing up his gloomiest predictions are an interdisciplinary team of busy scientists and a bank of whirling computers.

Watt terms himself a "systems ecologist," one of the first of a new species. Together with a growing number of colleagues, he has worked for seven years to design mathematical models of various ecosystems for the computers to analyze. In a Ford Foundation-funded program, he now has operating models of a sample county in California and selected state phenomena: crime, education, farm production, taxation, transportation and population growth. If a \$750,000 federal grant comes through, he hopes to finish an even more intricate set of equations describing land uses and energy flows.

Why go to all the trouble? Existing planning procedures, says Watt, "fail utterly to consider all the relevant consequences of decisions made or not made in both the public and private sectors; they fail to consider all the alternatives and fail to figure in all the costs and benefits when alternatives are considered." Large, improved computers can easily handle the complexities.

Depleted Reserves. Computer readouts have already convinced Watt that population growth causes high, if hidden social costs. For one thing, a baby boom like that of the late 1940s and 1950s produces a shift in the nation's age distribution. When the young outnumber the old, higher tax loads are needed to finance the kids. Even if the absolute population growth slows to 1% a year, the relative dominance of the young boosts school taxes by 25%. More ominous, a baby boom leads to what Watt describes as "an excessive rate of social change." Adults cannot maintain traditional social and moral values. All the wrong things increase: alcoholism, divorce, drug addiction. Crime rises, as more people respond to threatening change with violence.

Food is another problem. Watt reckons that the typical 154-lb. American requires no less than .4 acres of prime farm land to provide him with a decent balanced diet. But by far the best agricultural land tends to be near cities, where pioneers first settled. Thus when population rises, vast new subdivisions are built on precious loam. Then, to boost the productivity of the remaining rich cropland, farms are mechanized. By so doing, says



KEN WATT & COMPUTER
First of a new species.

Watt, society wrongly assumes that there will always be enough energy readily available to produce chemical fertilizers and run farm machines.

The computers assume nothing. Watt's projections indicate that the world's estimated 2,100 billion barrels of oil reserves will be depleted around the year 2000. (One reason: a tremendous per capita increase in jet travel.) In response to intense demands for more energy, the coal reserves will be used up next. By then, atomic energy may or may not take up the slack. "If it turns out there isn't enough atomic power," says Watt, "the carrying capacity of the world will suddenly drop from somewhere between 10 billion and 20 billion people to something between 1 billion and 4 billion. This simply means starvation and perhaps violent wars between the haves and have-nots."

Desperate Need. The future looks brutish, nasty and short, but Ken Watt is determined to change it. A tall, music-loving (Prokofiev, Bartók, Oliver Nelson) 40-year-old, he is so busy learning, lecturing and testifying these days that he seldom gets to see his wife and two daughters. "I am a revolutionary who is trying to operate within institutional frameworks," he says. His recommended steps toward reform include:

- ▶ Legalizing abortion in every state.
- ▶ Persuading Congress to modify income tax provisions for dependents so that deductions would apply only to the first two children.
- ▶ Emphasizing careers instead of children as a source of personal and emotional satisfaction for women.
- ▶ Creating pollution-free, high-speed, in-

ter-urban rail systems to conserve fossil fuel and enhance efficient travel.

▶ Urging local governments to buy and preserve open land around cities.

Above all, Watt is determined to get better data for his computers: "One problem is that things we desperately need to measure haven't ever been measured. We don't have a good understanding, for instance, of how far out in the atmosphere particles from air pollution are going, or what they are doing to the weather." With fuller data, Watt's computer models will give scientists and politicians the information they need to plan intelligently and realistically.

Operation Wasteland

While the noisy conflict in Cambodia has seized the headlines, the quiet defoliation of South Viet Nam has become the focus of well-informed outrage. Individual scientists and the influential American Association for the Advancement of Science fear that a biological wasteland is in the making.

Since 1962, the U.S. armed forces have sprayed (or dumped in haste) about 13.5 million gallons of potent chemicals from low-flying planes (see color pages). The peak of the program came in 1967-68, when 400 defoliation sorties were flown monthly. Now considerably reduced to a "classified" number of missions, the program continues under the ironic code name "Operation Ranch Hand." To date, the herbicides have affected an estimated five million acres, including 500,000 acres of rice and other crops.

"The herbicides have saved many, many lives," says a Pentagon official. Defoliation removes the thick canopy of Viet Nam's jungle and thus exposes enemy troop movements. Sprayed along roadsides and waterways, defoliants reduce the possibility of ambushes. Treatment of farm land in certain areas denies the enemy food.

Unhappily, Operation Ranch Hand also undermines the allies' efforts to win the minds of the Vietnamese. "The Viet Cong have made tremendous capital out of defoliation," says Jean-Paul Poliniere, agronomist with Viet Nam's Technical Service Institute. "They've told the peasants, 'The Americans want to take all your food away so you will be dependent on them for all time.' Sometimes the peasants believe them."

Cheery "Blue." The three main defoliants, each cheerily known by the color of the band on its container, do their job with convincing efficiency. "Blue" contains arsenic and burns the juices out of narrow-leaf grasses and rice. "White," a mixture of a persistent chemical called Picloram and 2,4-dichlorophenoxyacetic acid, causes leaves to shower from trees within weeks. Strongest and most heavily used is "Orange," a mixture of 2,4-D and 2,4,5-trichlorophenoxyacetic acid, whose dangers were widely publicized last winter in a *New Yorker* article by Thomas Whiteside. Last month use of 2,4,5-T



Defoliants in Viet Nam: War Against the Earth

Streaking low over the forest about 20 miles southeast of Saigon, two UC-123K aircraft from the U.S.'s 12th Special Operations Squadron conduct a defoliation mission. The efficiency of the chemicals (2,4-D mixed with Picloram) is evident in the stark scene below.





Pock-marked by artillery shells and denuded by herbicides, this war-ravaged Vietnamese countryside looks as barren as the surface of the moon. So far, about 5,000,000 acres, in-

cluding rivers and lakes, have been sprayed to expose enemy troop movements in the jungle. Ecologists worry about the long-term effects of the chemicals.

SCIENCE

The Starfish Eaters

The scholarly paper that German Zoologist Wolfgang Wickler presented at a scientific meeting in Tanzania last January dealt, among other subjects, with sexual fidelity in the animal world. For two members of the conference, Ecologist Lee Talbot and his biologist wife Martha, both of the Smithsonian Institution, his remarks were of more than academic interest. They provided an exciting clue that might well lead to control of the crown-of-thorns, the giant starfish that is literally eating away vital coral reefs in the Pacific (TIME, Sept. 12).

In discussing creatures that form lasting bonds with their mates (jacksals, gibbons, geese, etc.), Wickler included *Hymenocera elegans*, or the painted shrimp. Almost in passing, he mentioned that

though it weighed 100 times as much as they, dancing across the soft underbelly of the helpless starfish, the shrimps forced the withdrawal of the starfish's remaining exposed feet. Finally, the shrimps moved in for the kill, puncturing its tissue with their sharp pincers and tearing out large chunks of flesh from the wound. After a full day's feeding, they had reduced the crown-of-thorns to nothing more than a pile of jellied debris.

The efficient dispatch of the starfish convinced Wickler and the Talbots that the painted shrimp, in sufficient numbers, might quickly bring the crown-of-thorns under control and end the threat to Pacific reefs. Although the shrimp are not common around Australia's Great Barrier Reef and other threatened areas, they could be mass-produced in laboratories and set free in the ocean;

was suspended in Viet Nam and strictly limited in the U.S. Reason: the herbicide, together with its contaminant, has caused birth defects in laboratory mice. Some investigators see an alarming if unproved correlation between the defoliant's use and a sudden rise in 1966 (over 1965) in the number of Vietnamese babies born with birth defects in Saigon's Tu Du hospital.

Ecologists are particularly concerned about the future effects of chemicals on the extremely complex tropical ecosystem. They know that removal of even one element, like leaves, will touch off a chain of related changes—all of them probably for the worse.

Writing in *Science* magazine, Zoologists Gordon H. Orians and E.W. Pfeiffer note that a single spraying does not kill seedlings and saplings. But about 5% of Viet Nam's land has been defoliated more than once. When this happens, even the young trees die, and are replaced with ferns, vines, sedges and thick bamboo groves. By taking over the land, these less desirable species make regeneration of the forest a difficult process requiring many decades. Moreover, mangroves are so susceptible to even one dose of herbicides that the authors believe defoliant molecules in the soil may attack future generations of mangrove seeds as they germinate.

Bringing about this drastic change in the forest environment, the ecologists contend, is tantamount to killing indigenous animals. Many species, fleeing their defoliated habitats, will not find room to live elsewhere in the crowded tropical forest. The authors found no local insect-eating or fruit-eating birds in herbicide-hit regions; fish-eating birds had declined. Even fish seem to be made more susceptible to disease by defoliants.

Flaming Pink Rose. The war is having other marked effects. Huge B-52 bomb craters (an estimated 2,600,000 in 1968 alone) fill with stagnant water and become breeding grounds for mosquitoes. Trees are so riddled with shrapnel that sawmills lose one to three hours a day repairing damage to saw blades. Meantime, the tiger population has increased: the animals have learned to move toward gunfire in order to find food—human corpses. Still, the situation could be worse. Both "Operation Pink Rose" and "Operation Sherwood Forest" fortunately failed. They entailed napping already defoliated forests in attempts to start fire storms.

What depresses scientists most of all is the fact that the program was started before adequate testing of the effect on the environment. In addition, Harvard's Matthew S. Meselson, a leading U.S. biologist, argues in the current *Scientific American* that herbicides are an extension of chemical-biological warfare. "If the long-observed rule of 'No chemical and biological weapons' is abandoned," he writes, "there will be no unique and equally simple standard on which national practice and international agreement can be based."



PAINTED SHRIMP ATTACKING CROWN-OF-THORNS
Ferocious as well as faithful.

the shrimp feeds on starfish, including the crown-of-thorns. To the Talbots, who have been looking for ways to cope with the sudden and mysterious proliferation of the crown-of-thorns, the beautifully colored russet-and-white shrimp seemed a promising answer.

Soft Underbelly. At the Talbots' request, Wickler set up a demonstration of the painted shrimp's effectiveness; he staged an extraordinary laboratory encounter between a crown-of-thorns and a pair of painted shrimps. "It was hardly a match. Oblivious to the starfish's poisonous spines, the shrimps quickly lifted one of its arms (it can have as many as 21) and began tickling the tiny tubular feet of its prey. Instantly, the starfish retracted them, effectively immobilizing itself. Then, after only a few minutes of joint effort, the two-inch-long shrimps succeeded in toppling the large (more than a foot across) crown-of-thorns onto its back, even

a single female, laying between 100 and 200 eggs at a time, can theoretically produce a new generation of adult shrimps every 18 days.

In contrast, other methods of containing the crown-of-thorns seem hopelessly inadequate. Divers have already injected thousands of the creatures off Pacific reefs with lethal solutions of formaldehyde, but the population continues to explode. Indeed, Australian scientists recently reported that the starfish have so seriously damaged the Great Barrier Reef that it will take at least 20 years to recover.

Sudden Proliferation. For all the promise of the painted shrimp, scientists will take a cautious approach to this new form of biological control. They are fully aware that a sudden proliferation of painted shrimp might upset other balances in nature and, in the long run, cause more harm than good. What will the shrimp eat, for example, after they have disposed of most of the starfish? Says Lee Talbot: "We want to be awfully sure of what they are going to do to the rest of the environment before we turn them loose."

* A film of the battle at Munich's Max Planck Institute for Behavioral Physiology will be shown during the NBC special *The Great Barrier Reef* Friday evening, May 22, 7:30 p.m., E.D.T.

SPORT

Petit Marcel and la Grande Mystique

Marcel Cerdan Jr. was no higher than a ring post when his father became the middleweight champion of the world. Marcel Sr. died shortly thereafter but for the son the legacy lives on: "It is my duty to try to succeed my father." He is certain of this, he says, for on the eve of a fight his father often visits him in his dreams, urging him on. "It is in the stars," says his manager, Philippe Filippi. "Old Marcel is up there watching me, and I know he's happy about what I am doing for his boy."

The memory of Marcel Cerdan Sr. is no less vivid to millions of Frenchmen. A veteran of the Free French navy, the handsome brawler fought his way out of Casablanca to become "l'immortel." In September 1948, he knocked out Tony Zale in the twelfth round to win the middleweight title. He lost the crown to Jake LaMotta nine months later when he tore a left shoulder muscle in the first round, then gamely fought on virtually one-handed until he was unable to answer the bell for the tenth round. Scheduled for a rematch with LaMotta, the superstitious Cerdan consulted a fortuneteller, had Marcel Jr. spit in his hand, donned his lucky blue suit and boarded a plane for the U.S. in October 1949. "I win the title back," he said, "or I die." The Air France flight crashed in the Azores, and Cerdan was dead at 33.

Personal Force. At 15, *petit Marcel* climbed into his father's old sweatshirt and began training under the paternal eye of Filippi. At 16, he made his Paris debut in a three-rounder that was billed as the rebirth of French boxing. Pale and visibly trembling, the teenager won a narrow decision over an unknown Algerian, returned to his dressing room and fainted. After turning pro at 21, Marcel Jr. fought 47 bouts against carefully chosen opponents over the next five years, winning 46 and drawing one to become the world's tenth-ranked welterweight. Earlier this year, Filippi decided that "we are ready now to make our move, America—that is the beginning of the dream."

After a visit to the Paris grave of famed chanteuse Edith Piaf, his father's mistress, *petit Marcel* finally arrived at Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week for his first fight in the U.S. As always, he carried with him cherished mementos of his father: the taped water bottle he always used in the ring, the watch he was wearing when he died, the bloodstained trunks he wore when he dethroned Zale. Whenever anyone mentioned his quest for the championship, *petit Marcel* spoke the few words of English he had mastered: "It is my destinée." Shortly before the fight, he listened to a



CERDAN (RIGHT) ON THE ATTACK
Somebody up there is watching.

recording of a soul-searing ballad by "Aunt Zizi" (Piaf), not because he is superstitious, he said, but because "it is a personal force." Then he put on his father's old leather supporter and the blue trunks with a Ste. Thérèse medal (a gift from Aunt Zizi) sewn inside, and he was ready.

Canada's Donato Paduano, the ninth-ranked welterweight, was more realistic about his ten-round bout with Marcel Jr. "I am fighting the son, not the father." That was immediately apparent at the opening bell. Slighter and speedier than his father, Marcel Jr. showed himself to be a crisp, stylish counterpuncher. Busily bobbing under Paduano's strong jabs, he repeatedly beat the Canadian to the punch in the early rounds. Paduano and the crowd of 10,767 soon realized, though, that the son had none of the raw, put-away power of the father. Though slowed by a deep gash over his left eye, Paduano waded through Marcel Jr.'s light attack and rocked him with solid left-right combinations throughout the late rounds. *Petit Marcel*, a 7-to-5 underdog, fought back courageously, but Paduano only came on stronger to win by a unanimous decision.

In his dressing room afterward, *petit Marcel* was philosophic. "To be champion," he told the press, "one does not have to win every fight." Then, clutching an unopened bottle of champagne, he stood up and asked through a translator: "Overall, what did you think of me?" The reporters politely applauded. In Paris, where the fight was televised via satellite, the verdict was harsher—and truer. Headlined *France-Son*: THE END OF A DREAM: CERDAN WON'T BE ABLE TO BECOME WORLD CHAMPION.

The Cup Runneth Over

"When they drop the puck to start the game," says one rival manager, "the Bruins think it is a piece of raw meat." Known to their foes as "the Animals," the Boston Bruins have long been the toughest, roughest, meanest, most penalized team in the National Hockey League. Unfortunately, they usually won more fights than games; in the past eleven seasons, the Bruins failed to make the Stanley Cup play-offs eight times, and their last cup victory was in 1941. "Some people say they've been rebuilding since then," says Scotty Bowman, coach of the St. Louis Blues. "I don't think so. I think they started rebuilding in 1948—the year Bobby Orr was born."

Bowman should know. In the fourth game of the finals last week, Bowman's Blues went into a sudden death overtime with the Bruins. With just 40 sec. gone, Boston's Orr raked a loose puck off the St. Louis boards, passed to Teammate Derek Sanderson in the corner, broke for the goal, took a return pass, tripped acrobatically and slammed the puck into the net. The score gave the Bruins a four-game sweep of the Blues and their first Stanley Cup victory in 29 years.






Budding Dynasty. Orr runneth over with other cups. He won the Ross trophy with a record (for a defenseman) 33 goals and a record (for anybody) 87 assists and 120 points during the season, the Hart trophy as the N.H.L.'s most valuable player, the Norris trophy as the league's best defenseman, and the Smythe trophy as the most valuable player in the play-offs. Says Bruins Coach Harry Sinden: "Orr may be the greatest athlete who ever lived."

And the rest of the team? Well, let's see, says Sinden, "they've got courage, spirit, harmony, talent, size, youth." Sinden has every right to be effusive. Since taking over the Bruins four years ago, he and General Manager Milt Schmidt have built a budding Boston dynasty. At 22, Orr is just one of a phalanx of young skaters with their best playing years still ahead of them. The flamboyant, moppetted Sanderson, for example, at 23, is already one of the best centers in the league. He spells Phil Esposito, 28, who set two play-off records this year with 13 goals and a total of 27 points. They are backed by such elder skatesmen as John Bucyk, 35, and Johnny McKenzie, 32, who with Center Fred Stanfield, 26, scored a total of 53 points in the play-offs, an N.H.L. record for a line. Immediately after the Bruins' victory last week, Sinden said: "The first championship is the sweetest, but there'll be more, many more."

Not for Sinden, though. At week's end the 37-year-old coach shocked the hockey world by announcing that he was quitting the Bruins to go into the home-building business. He explained that the "new challenges" would earn him at least double his \$22,000-a-year coaching salary. Besides, he added, "what else could I do in hockey?"

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RELIGION

Will Catholics Recognize

Protestant Ministries?

For all their notable successes in interfaith cooperation, Roman Catholics and Protestants are still separated by knotty doctrinal differences as old as the Reformation. Among the major problems are varying notions of the Eucharist or Lord's Supper, differing concepts of priesthood and ministry, and conflicting definitions of apostolic succession, that essential tie to the Apostles that most Christians see—in various ways—as a necessary mark of an authentic church. By Catholic standards, neither the ministry nor the Eucharist of Protestant churches is valid, and until recently, any hope of unity seemed to lie in Protestant submission to those standards.

Now, judging from a scattering of articles in theological journals and some quiet meetings among Catholics, Anglicans and Lutherans, a new hope is emerging. The churches, it seems, may yet find enough common theological ground for a mutual recognition of ministries. If they do, it is conceivable that before the end of the decade Catholics could share both pulpits and Communion with Anglicans and Lutherans. This would mark the most significant step toward Christian unity since the start of the ecumenical movement.

Body and Blood. For the past four centuries, Catholic doctrine has depended heavily on the decrees of the Council of Trent, which in the mid-16th century sought to answer the challenge of Protestant reformers by carefully defining—among other issues—the priesthood, the episcopacy, and the seven sacraments recognized by the church. The bishops and theologians at Trent concentrated on a concept of the priest as a man officially set apart to offer sac-

rifice and on a definition of the Eucharistic celebration—the core of the Catholic Mass—as the same sacrifice, in a different manner, as Christ's sacrifice on the cross. According to the Trent decrees, at the moment of consecration in the Mass, bread and wine undergo "transubstantiation." They become, except in outward appearances, the body and blood of Christ. The sacrament of holy orders, conferred on a priest by a duly consecrated bishop and only by a bishop, give the priest the power to effect this mystical change. The bishops, lineal successors to the first Apostles, received this commission through the Apostles from Christ himself at the Last Supper.

The Protestant reformers radically reinterpreted these doctrines. Both Martin Luther and John Calvin explained the "real presence" of Christ in the Eucharist in different ways. Other reformers declared that the sacrament was merely a commemorative act recalling the Last Supper. In preaching the "priesthood of all believers," Luther acknowledged the need of ministers to preach the Gospel, but nearly all Continental Protestants rejected the necessity of bishops and the notion of holy orders as a sacrament.

The Church of England, while retaining bishops and an ordination ceremony, also played down the sacrificial character of the Eucharist and the sacramental status of the priesthood. In the view of traditional Catholic theology, the Church of England (and other churches of the Anglican communion) thus lost apostolic succession and validity.

Bishops and Bats. Today, two important developments in 20th century theology have made it possible for Catholics and Protestants to reconsider the whole argument and think of intercommunion. One is a broadened, more flexible understanding of the Eucharist

among many Catholic and Protestant theologians. In 1967, an Anglican-Roman Catholic study group produced a statement indicating substantial agreement on the Eucharist. Later the same year, in an important but little-noticed move, Roman Catholics and Lutherans in the U.S. issued a scholarly, 200-page book on the Eucharist that ended with a remarkable ten-page statement of consensus. Father George H. Tavard, a French-born scholar involved in the Lutheran-Catholic talks, thinks there is already enough consensus among Lutherans and Catholics today for Lutheran orders to be recognized as valid.

The second development is in the Catholic concept of priesthood, which is growing into an idea of the ministry in which both priests and laymen play important roles. Apostolic succession is now seen by many Catholic theologians as a continuity of doctrine and Christian commitment from one generation to another within the church community—not as a sort of ecclesiastical relay race, with the baton passing from bishop to bishop and the whole team disqualified if someone drops it. Ordination by a bishop, critics note, was not always required even among Catholics. In the early Christian churches and even in medieval times, as Benedictine Theologian Kilian McDonnell points out in the current issue of the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, "orders" were sometimes conferred by another priest or even by the lay elders of the community, as they are in some Protestant churches today.

Spiritual Gift. The broadest formulation of such a community-approved ministry is one that Swiss Theologian Hans Küng, among others, defines as the "charismatic" ministry. In effect, what early Christians did in selecting one of their number to preside over the Eucharistic celebration was to recognize his qualities as a holy man. By his special spiritual gift, or charisma, he was in a sense ordained by God, an "ordination" recognized in turn by his community. If Catholics are ever to find ground for reunion with Calvinistic, Baptist and Pentecostal churches, the idea of a "charismatic" ministry may be of substantial help in overcoming the still vast differences in their theologies.

For the near future, intercommunion may be most likely first between Roman Catholics and either Lutherans or Episcopalians in the U.S. That, at least, was the hint offered last month at the U.S. Catholic Bishops' meeting, where Catholic dialogues with those two churches were declared to be "moving to quite an advanced stage." Lutherans, however, have not yet established full intercommunion among their own U.S. denominations. And Episcopalians are potential participants in the proposed multichurch Protestant merger, the Church of Christ Uniting. Should the Episcopal Church join the new super-church, the questions of Episcopal belief, the Eucharist and ministerial orders could become more complicated yet.



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MILESTONES

Died. Johnny Hodges, 63, saxophonist in Duke Ellington's band and a jazz great for more than 40 years; of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. General Wladyslaw Anders, 77, commander of World War II's famed 2nd Polish Corps, which fought gallantly in Italy; of a stroke; in London. The commander of a cavalry brigade in 1939, Anders was captured by the invading Russians, and imprisoned along with thousands of other officers until 1941 when they were released to fight the Germans. His corps will be remembered for its dogged and victorious assault on Italy's Monte Cassino Monastery, which opened the road to Rome.

Died. Nelly Sachs, 78, German-Jewish poet who shared the 1966 Nobel Prize for literature with S.Y. Agnon; of cancer; in Stockholm. Daughter of a wealthy Berlin manufacturer, she might have passed her life as a dabbler in the arts except for the Nazis. They forced her to flee to Sweden in 1940, and the experience turned her into a serious poet. "Writing was my mute outcry," she once said, and in her six slim volumes she evoked the tragedy of the Jewish people with what the Nobel committee termed "lyrical laments of painful beauty." Her style was unrhymed, psalmlike, rich in symbolism and metaphor, as in *O the chimneys*:

*O the chimneys
On the ingeniously devised
habitations of death
When Israel's body drifted as smoke
Through the air . . .*

Died. Clark Shaughnessy, 78, football coach who popularized the T-Formation; of a stroke; in Santa Monica, Calif. Shaughnessy introduced the T with its emphasis on the quarterback at Stanford in 1940, and instantly turned a loser (1-7-1 the year before) into an undefeated Rose Bowl victor. The formation transformed the game, and he went on to a brilliant career with half a dozen colleges and pro teams.

Died. Billie Burke, 85, widow of Florenz Ziegfeld, herself a renowned stage and screen star; in Los Angeles. Red-haired and blue-eyed, she reigned as a Broadway beauty through the early 1900s, drawing homage from Mark Twain and Enrico Caruso before capturing Flo Ziegfeld as her husband. Her fame came from her skill as a comedienne in the years after 1930, when she appeared as a flibbertigibbet in scores of plays (*Her Master's Voice*, *Mrs. January* and *Mr. X*) and movies (*Topper*, *The Wizard of Oz*, *Hi Diddle Diddle*). "Oh," she once wrote, "that sad and bewildering moment when you are no longer the cherished darling, but must turn the corner and try to be funny."



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ART



STREET SCULPTURE IN SOHO

DAVID GALE



ARTISTS & VISITORS AT SOMBER FESTIVAL

Bohemia's Last Frontier

Once it was Greenwich Village. Then it was Chelsea, Coenties Slip and the Bowery. Now the place to be, if you are a young New York artist with nowhere to go but up, is the city's newest bohemia: a dingy, littered area of 19th century factory buildings called SoHo (because it is south of Houston Street). Before the '60s, few outsiders braved SoHo's trash and traffic except architecture buffs, who admired the area's Italianate cast-iron façades. But for some 2,000 to 3,000 artists today, the neighborhood has become a last refuge from the high rents, cramped spaces and commercial pressures uptown.

Last weekend almost 100 SoHo artists opened their studios to the public in a festival designed to muster recognition and support. The party was somewhat subdued out of sympathy for the antiwar demonstrations in Washington. Some artists left town to join the protesters; others hung out black crape along with festive streamers; and Dancer Yvonne Rainer led a solemn death march through the streets. Nevertheless, thousands of visitors trudged up and down endless flights of stairs to see paintings, sprayed-water "street sculptures," light shows and dramatic performances that ranged from the inspired to the inane. Above all, they saw evidence of the hard work and ingenuity that have transformed 40 blocks of bleak, empty spaces into home, work space and playground all in one.

Splintery Stairs. SoHo's smaller lofts (2,100 to 2,500 sq. ft.) are just right for artists doing large-scale works in new industrial materials. And the continuing presence of workmen and small manufacturers encourages a rewarding combination of art and industry. Says Jewelry Maker Gale Picard: "The machinist across the street comes over to give us advice. The neighborhood carpenters and mechanics are all very helpful in working out artistic problems."

Galleries first came to SoHo two years ago when Paula Cooper opened her cosy aerie up three flights of creaky, splintery stairs. More recent arrivals include Max Hutchinson, a peripatetic Australian; Reese Palley, an Atlantic City Boardwalk porcelain salesman; and smooth-talking, Brooklyn-born Ivan Karp. Uptown dealer Richard Feigen maintains a downtown branch in SoHo, and two more up-town power houses—Castelli and Emerich—recently announced plans to open outlets in the neighborhood.

Dealers come to SoHo for the same reasons artists do: modest rents and immodest space. But not all SoHo artists welcome them. "They're going after the market and going in for the whole promotional thing," says one. Others fear that galleries will touch off a cancerous growth of boutiques, coffee bars and hot-dog stands, turning SoHo into a honky-tonk tourist trap.

Another more pressing danger is evic-

tion or demolition, or both. SoHo lofts are not zoned for residential use, but as long as health and safety standards are observed, the city tends to look the other way. Manhattan's inflated land values, however, make this last frontier of bohemia increasingly attractive to housing developers. If a rezoned SoHo, like Greenwich Village, starts sprouting high-rise, high-rise apartment buildings named for Rembrandt, Van Gogh and Cézanne, the artists who pioneered it will be the first ones forced to leave.

High Style

White-marble slave girls languish alongside posturing tragedy heroines and cherubic children. Emanuel Leutze's classic, *Washington Crossing the Delaware*, looms in its full-size 264-sq.-ft. version. Tiffany lamps and cut-glass bowls of dazzling intricacy vie with gingerbread mantelpieces. At first glance the Metropolitan Museum's gargantuan exhibition of 19th century American art, architecture and decoration seems about as serious an undertaking as a rainy afternoon spent in grandmother's attic. On second look, it proves to be a well-planned, scholarly survey of an oft-disparaged, still underestimated century.

Especially fascinating are ten reconstructions of the parlors, dining rooms, gardens and even furniture stores of the era's big-city upper crust. These handsome period settings ignore folk art and country furniture, and they exclude a shameless relish for the lives of the very rich. But they also make a major contribution toward a re-evaluation of the high-style decorative arts of the 19th century, one of the last great neglected areas of art scholarship and appreciation.

Tête-à-tête. Curator Berry Tracy spent three years tracking down and assembling some 300 pieces, many destined for permanent exhibition when the museum expands its American Wing. One of the earliest rooms contains a severe but elegant Duncan Phyfe parlor set done around 1837 in the master's late Empire style. Twenty years later, the fashion for historical revivals was in full swing; the yellow satin sofa and chairs of the John Taylor Johnston parlor are a free adaptation of Louis XVI neoclassicism by the French-trained New York designer Léon Marcotte. Over them hangs a chandelier that cunningly conceals newfangled gas piping beneath its fake candles and pseudo-18th century glass.

In furniture as in architecture, the 19th century's fanciful adaptations of traditional styles often masked new concepts in design and construction. The sinuous curves and scrolls and extravagant ornamental carving of J.H. Belter's rosewood chairs and tables were based—however remotely—on 18th century French rococo precedents. But the S-shaped Tête-à-tête chair that seats two people facing one another was a strictly Victorian innovation.



The John Taylor Johnston parlor.



The Samuel A. Foot parlor with Duncan Phyfe furniture.



The Metropolitan's "Belter" parlor assembles pieces by J.H. Belter, most popular designer of the 1850s.



Dr. Harry Weintraub, Principal, drops in on Miss Simmons' class during a Distar® reading session. Distar arithmetic and language programs also are used in the school.



**The sounds these children are making
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Can you teach kindergarten children—including the disadvantaged—how to read? A new teaching system published by Science Research Associates, an IBM subsidiary, shows the way. This story is another example of how IBM, its people or products often play a part in tackling today's problems.



A kindergarten class in Brooklyn, N.Y. Schools in 45 states already use the Distar™ Systems, published by SRA, a subsidiary of IBM.

Ruth Simmons teaches kindergarten at P.S. 321 K, in Brooklyn, New York. Dr. Harry Weintraub is the Principal. Between them, they've taught and observed all kinds of youngsters—bright, slow, and the educationally disadvantaged.

"Usually, we don't teach formal reading to children before the first grade," says Dr. Weintraub. "But last year we experimented with a new system called Distar that starts them off in kindergarten.

"This system provides teachers with a technique designed to reward even the slowest child with a sense of success. You have no idea how important this is for such youngsters."

The Distar System evolved from five years of research by Siegfried Engelmann and colleagues at the University of Illinois. The program includes material for teachers, workbooks and take-home sheets for children.

Miss Simmons explains some of the classwork. "We teach the *sounds* letters of the alphabet represent. If a child finds it hard to grasp, we don't point out his troubles. We merely reprogram the lessons a little to give him problem special attention without anyone becoming aware of it.

"When the children learn these sounds, we teach them how to put several of them together. All of a sudden, they're reading words. And do they feel great!

"Our District Superintendent, Dr. Anthony Ferrerio, introduced Distar to two schools in our district last year after hearing how successful it was in schools around the country.

"I'm very enthusiastic about it. I know my kids will be reading *stories* before they get to the first grade. And that's really something."

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BUSINESS

Chinese Torture in the Stock Market

ON Wall Street, some things are more frightening than panic. One is the sort of Chinese water torture that the stock market has been enduring—the drip, drip, drip of week-by-week price erosion marked not by tumultuous selling but by an absence of buying. Panics tend to burn themselves out swiftly and to be followed by sharp price rebounds, in which intrepid and farsighted men make fortunes. The gradual withering away of prices is a demoralizing process that can go on indefinitely. The losses to investors in the long run can add up to an even more impressive—and depressing—total than would be suffered more quickly in a full-fledged market crash.

Take last week. By the standards of October 1929, or even May 1962, nothing overly dramatic happened. Trading was light to moderately heavy, ranging daily between 6,650,000 and 14,570,000 shares on the New York Stock Exchange. Yet by Thursday afternoon the barometric Dow-Jones industrial average had fallen 33 points to a seven-year low of 685. On Friday, prices rallied briskly enough to send the Dow average up 17 points to 702. The rise stirred some cautious chatter among brokers and analysts that the market might be, in Wall Street's convoluted jargon, "bottoming out."

No News Is Good

Investors have heard such talk many times before in the past 18 months. In that time the Dow-Jones has fallen 283 points, or 29%, and a staggering \$250 billion has been erased from the paper value of stocks listed on the New York and American exchanges. In both length and depth, the slide now ranks as the worst since the Depression market of 1937-38. Indeed, before the Friday rally, the drop could have been said to have repeated the entire decade of the Soaring Sixties; on Thursday the Dow average was lower than at the start of 1960.* The Friday rally, to be sure, was more impressive than some others that have briefly interrupted the long rout; the point rise was the greatest for a single day in two years. Still, some of the jump was attributed to short-covering—that is, buying by traders who had earlier sold borrowed stock in the richly fulfilled hope that the price would drop, and had decided the time had come to take their profits.

Investors seem to have lost any ability to respond to encouraging news of a less technical nature. The cut in down-

payment requirements on margin purchases, from 80% to 65%, decreed early this month by the Federal Reserve Board, immediately increased the purchasing power of stock buyers—but it bucked up the market for only a few days. Defense Secretary Melvin Laird's promise last week that no U.S. troops would be involved in ground combat in Viet Nam after June 1971 is the sort of thing that a year ago might have stimulated dovish Wall Street into a month-long rally. Early last week, it could not push prices up for so long as two hours.

What has made stock traders so skittish? As might be expected in a market

they are going to get in two years, but they want it now."

MONEY SCARCITY. The Federal Reserve policy is once again to expand the nation's money supply, after holding the growth to zero through much of 1969. But by now potential investors of all kinds—banks, corporations, individuals—are short of the cash that they might otherwise use to buy stocks. "The whole country is in hock," says Bradbury K. Thurlow, partner in Hopkin Bros. & Co. High interest rates compound the problem. Some of the money that is around is flowing out of the stock market and into bonds, the yields of which



DRAWING BY CHIVANIAN. © 1970 THE NEW YORKER MAGAZINE, INC.

that has had no single, climactic break, there is no single, overpowering reason. Instead, there are several reasons. Among them:

THE WAR. Contrary to the myth that capitalism feeds on war, Wall Street sees the Indochina conflict as a breeder of inflation, restrictive Government money policies and general economic disruption—and devoutly wishes that it would end soon. The U.S. invasion of Cambodia has deeply shaken investors' hopes that it will, and all the rhetoric of President Nixon and Secretary Laird has so far failed to restore their confidence. Says M.I.T. Economist Paul Samuelson: "If Mr. Nixon were to announce defeat in Viet Nam and cutting of our losses, the market would jump 50 points. People are distrustful of peace with victory and honor in two years' time. They want the peace without victory that

are running over 9% for top-grade corporate issues. Alan Shaw, partner in the Manhattan brokerage house of Harris, Upham, offers this derisive comment on President Nixon's recent bullish proclamation that he would buy stocks if he had the money: "If the banks had money they'd buy stocks; if the institutions had money, they'd buy stocks. If anybody had money he'd buy stocks—but nobody's got any money."

THE MARKET SLIDE ITSELF. The longer that prices are weak, the less reason investors can see to buy and the more reason to sell in order to get out. Thus, after a certain point, a fall-off becomes self-reinforcing. The current drop seems to have passed that point. By now, some investors have suffered fearful losses, particularly in faded glamour stocks. So far this year, Comsat has dropped from 57 to 30, University Computing

* Market averages that include more stocks than the 30 in the Dow index are higher than in 1960—but have dropped even more sharply in the current slide.

from 99½ to 26 and Natomas from 651 to 23. Even IBM has fallen from 387 early this year to 271.

Brokers find it difficult to recommend issues for those people who still have the guts to buy. Mrs. Joan Abernathy, a portfolio manager with Kidder, Peabody in Boston, complains that with so many stocks falling and so few rising, "we might as well be putting our customers into Czarist bonds." The brokers feel even more frustrated than their clients; men who made \$50,000 or more in commissions during the bouncy markets of yesteryear now have a hard time paying their mortgages. "A lot of brokers are confused, pessimistic, stunned," says a Chicago broker. "The younger ones have never experienced anything like this before." Employees in an Atlanta office of Eastman Dillon, Union Securities & Co. put up \$20 to buy a punching bag that they could slug to vent their anger. It has been hung over a news ticker, and goes blappy-blappy-blappy all day long.

More important than any of these specific reasons for the market's malaise is a kind of free-floating anxiety that brokers and investors sense but find difficult to describe. Generally, they express it as a feeling that the nation has lost its direction—economically, socially and in foreign policy—and that the Nixon Administration is providing no

reasoned leadership to get it back on course. The investment community's loss of confidence in Nixon, whose election initially set off a spurt in stock prices, is remarkable. Says David Basevitz, a Midwest Stock Exchange executive: "The public is bearish on the country."

Uncharted Waters

Part of the anxiety can be traced to a quite justified though eerie feeling that both the stock market and the economy are operating in uncharted waters where the old rules of navigation no longer apply. The current bear market is the first ever in which institutional investors, such as mutual funds, pension funds, insurance companies and trusts, have dominated the trading; they account for 60% of the public volume on the New York Stock Exchange. That is a major reason why today's bear is not acting like any in the past.

In markets dominated by individual investors, declines followed a regular pattern: prices would drop—and then a large number of shareholders panicked and dumped their holdings simultaneously, sending prices plummeting on enormous volume. While such a "selling climax" is an unnerving experience, many Wall Streeters would dearly love to see one again. By cleaning out the last doubters in one swift rout, the old-fashioned climax would usually end a

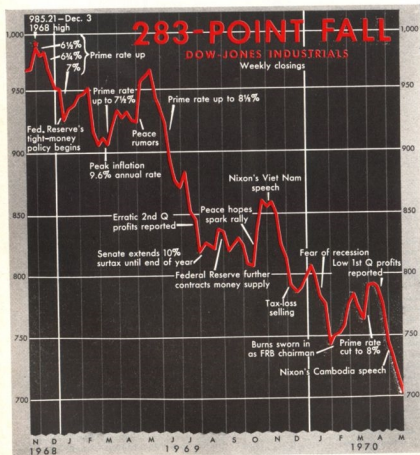
bear market and set the stage for a bouncy rally to new highs.

Institutions, in contrast, have never indulged in panic selling. They have proved perfectly willing to sit on the sidelines for prolonged periods and do little buying. Mutual funds as a group currently hold 8.5% of their assets in cash, and some other institutions hold far more. Some of the go-go mutual funds have been selling off in dribs and drabs, over the past several months, the glamour stocks in which they have taken a beating. In the absence of much sustained buying pressure, their selling has been enough to depress prices persistently. For every stock sale there must be a buyer, of course, but nowadays the buyer is often a specialist assigned by an exchange to keep markets orderly. Part of his obligation is to buy when no one else will. Specialists have had to swallow gigantic quantities of stock on which they have accumulated huge paper losses. They can be expected to disgorge some of their holdings whenever prices start to rise—a factor that may tend to abort rallies.

Hard Combination

Investors have been rattled by the Government's failure thus far to prevent inflationary recession, and current news has done nothing to soothe their nerves. Last week the Government reported that industrial production in April slid for the eighth time in nine months. Personal income in April would have dropped for the first time in more than four years if the Government had not shelled out unusual lump-sum payments to Social Security recipients and federal workers. The payments were necessary to make a 15% Social Security rise and 6% federal pay boost retroactive to the first of the year. Real gross national product fell at an annual rate of 3% in the first quarter, not 1.6% as first reported; the drop was the largest since late 1960, a recognized recession period. A particular depressant to the stock market: corporate profits have gone down more sharply than Wall Street expected. In the first quarter, pre-tax profits shrank to an annual rate of \$85 billion, more than \$10 billion below the record pace of early 1969.

Nixon's advisers tirelessly insist that what they used to call their "game plan" for gradually deflating the economy is working on schedule. They have some outside support; Economist Milton Friedman last week decried "the hysteria emanating from Wall Street." The President, however, is getting increasingly nervous. With a congressional election coming in six months, the economic situation leaves his party vulnerable to the kind of criticism voiced by Economist John Kenneth Galbraith: "It is very hard to combine inflation



* The White House lately has forbidden use of the term, perhaps because it sounds too sporting for a serious business. Some economists crack that the game plan is "punt, pray, and hope for a fumble."

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with rising unemployment and a stock-market slump, but the Nixon Administration has managed to do it."

Republican Governors who met with Nixon last week told him of growing public unhappiness about the April rise in unemployment to a five-year high of 4.8%. In California, a high-ranking Republican worriedly confides: "The economy is an issue. The guy who is out of a job certainly is not going to blame a Democrat." One of his Democratic opponents adds: "Politically, it is dynamite—and it is not us that it is going to blow up."

The market slide could contribute to the political turmoil by helping to aggravate the business downturn. Economists generally do not consider the market a major determinant of the pace of business, but most concede that, in Paul Samuelson's words, "There is a little wagging of the dog by the tail." A continued stock slump would make it more difficult for corporations to raise money by selling new shares—and that is already extremely difficult. Nixon's economic advisers have tended to ignore the market, but now they are paying a little more attention. They know that retail sales, for example, may be hurt because the stock slide makes people feel poorer.

Saucer Instead of V

A continued market slide would make many Americans not only feel poorer but actually be poorer. It is still fashionable in some quarters to dismiss the market as an exclusive club for the wealthy. In fact, it is the world's least exclusive club. The 26 million Americans who own stock directly constitute one of the nation's largest minorities. Those who have at least an indirect interest in the market, through participation in mutual funds, pension funds and other institutions, number 100 million, or almost half the total U.S. population. The pensions that millions of citizens eventually will receive depend partly on the performance of the stocks in which their funds invest.

No one, of course, really expects the bear market to go on forever. Indeed, such giant mutual funds as Massachusetts Investors Trust and Dreyfus have begun to buy cautiously in the past few days. But there is a considerable body of opinion that the recovery, whenever it begins, will be slow and struggling—"saucer-shaped" rather than "V-shaped," in the argot of the chartists. Some reasons for that expectation: the avowed intention of the Government to permit only a gradual growth of money supply and the likelihood that many individual investors, burned badly for the first time in their lives in the current bear market, will think long and hard about buying stocks again. Jim Fitzgerald, a Los Angeles broker, says that his customers have expressed "sheer disbelief" that the stock market could drop as much as it has, and adds: "Many of the people who are sell-

ing now will never want back in again."

That does not mean that the Government should make reviving the stock market the primary aim of its economic policy. Presidential attempts to boost investors' confidence directly usually backfire anyway, as Nixon has lately discovered. But Wall Street's loss of confidence in his leadership is something the President cannot ignore precisely because investors' worries are the worries of most Americans. By focusing attention from a different direction on the need for peace and firm presidential leadership, the market slide could yet prove to be constructive.

had a potential rescuer in King Resources—the oil and mineral corporation controlled by John King—that corporation's stock dropped in one day from 11½ bid to 9.

Help! According to last week's rescue pact, King Resources would lend I.O.S. \$20 million in cash for three years. John King also agreed to arrange for an additional \$20 million line of credit, though the big question is where he would get that money. His spokesmen in Geneva said that The Bank of New York and Fidelity Corp., which is a holding company based in Richmond, were part of his group. Both



BERNIE & FRIENDS IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS
"Let's face it—I'm a lousy administrator."

MUTUAL FUNDS Can All the King's Men Put I.O.S. Together Again?

"I set out to build up a big business in the mutual-fund field, and I think I succeeded," said Bernard Cornfeld last week. "But I like to live well, I like the good life and—let's face it—I'm a lousy administrator."

Because of Cornfeld's weakness at administration, his Investors Overseas Services, Ltd. was top-heavy with costly employees, expenses outraced income, and the whole structure almost collapsed. Last week Denver Millionaire John King (see following story) signed a deal to give I.O.S. a \$40 million transfusion in return for effective control of the company. But the terms revealed were so vague and incomplete that the agreement seemed shaky. Suspicious Europeans rushed to cash in their shares in I.O.S. funds, heightening doubts about the future of the company. In turn, I.O.S. was reportedly forced to dump some of the U.S. stocks that it held, further depressing the market in Wall Street. After word got out that hard-pressed I.O.S.

firms denied any connection with King.

As security for the loans, King and his group would get shares in I.O.S. Management, a mutual-fund-management subsidiary. He would also receive warrants to buy 20% of I.O.S.'s preferred stock. King and his associates would name 16 directors out of 27 on the newly enlarged I.O.S. board and have veto power over the rest. The deal was by no means final because it permits either King or I.O.S. to back out if the other side fails to live up to the terms.

Prestige Needed. Until King moved in, the French and British members of the Rothschild banking family were interested in forming a team to take control. But the Rothschilds made it clear that they had no desire to get into an I.O.S. dominated by King. To restore European investor confidence in I.O.S., the company urgently needs to get some old-line European bankers into the rescue operation—and Cornfeld knows it. At first, he and his top associates agreed to place their 37% stock interest in I.O.S. into a King-controlled voting trust for three years. But last week, in order to give himself bargaining power in ne-

gotiations, Cornfeld refused to put his own 15% share in trust.

The European moneymen raised questions about whether King's first attempt to save I.O.S. was a defensive maneuver to help his own stock, and they worried about the interlocking relationships between King and I.O.S. Fund of Funds, I.O.S.'s second largest mutual fund, has put \$60 million of its \$473 million of assets into King Resources or projects in which the company is involved. King Resources and the fund jointly own 22 million acres of Canadian Arctic oil leases; critics contend that the value of these lands was exaggerated.

Invading the U.S. Under a 1967 agreement with the Securities and Exchange Commission, I.O.S. promised not to sell funds to U.S. citizens anywhere in the world. Reason: the company refused to comply with full-disclosure rules. Now, ambitious John King plans to invade the U.S. with I.O.S. funds if he can resolve "all I.O.S. matters now pending before the commission." Before he does that, he may have to seek SEC permission for U.S. banks and even King Resources itself to participate in any rescue deal. Another factor that could delay completion of the rescue is the lateness of the audited financial statements of I.O.S. for 1969. Due the first week of this month, they may not be ready until next week.

Whatever happens, I.O.S. will be in for a managerial housecleaning. As Cornfeld put it last week: "A hell of a lot more people will go." It would be dangerous, however, if many salesmen defected on their own. European financial pages are carrying ads placed by rival funds trying to lure I.O.S. salesmen—and their clients. The 14,000-man sales force—I.O.S.'s principal asset—has dwindled by several thousand. Unless it can be kept together, there will not be much left of the company to salvage.

PERSONALITIES

Big John

John McCandish King is a storybook example of the go-getting American entrepreneur, a man who is willing to take the big risk to get the big reward and knows how to use technology and the tax laws. Starting with a \$1,500 investment in an Oklahoma oil-drilling venture, he has amassed a personal fortune recently estimated at \$480 million. Though the stock-market skid has somewhat deflated his holdings, he does not have to worry where his next oil well is coming from. At 43, he is a big bear of a man—6 ft. 3 in., 230 lbs.—with the hard blue eyes of a riverboat gambler. He has a strong fondness for the trappings of success: custom-built limousines with fur upholstery, nine airplanes, 3,000 pairs of cuff links (many of them solid gold) and homes in Denver, Hawaii, Palm Springs and Manhattan. His ranch outside Granby, Colo., encompasses 400 acres, has guesthouses that accommodate 120 people, a shooting gallery and a beauty par-

lor. What else could a man wish for? King wants to be a billionaire within ten years.

Marketing Knowledge. King was born in the small town of Wheaton, Ill. Attacks of asthma and recurring pneumonia eventually forced him to drop out of college, but did not slow King's drive. A brief stint as an office boy for Harold Stassen brought an interest in politics, and King quickly became national chairman of the Young Republicans college clubs. At 23, he was elected to the Illinois house of representatives; he served three terms. A small investment led him into oil de-



KING AT THE RANCH

"I want people to think well of me."

velopment. Meanwhile, King married Carylyn Becker, whose father was chief executive of Franklin Life Insurance Co. and a multimillionaire. King says that the only money he got from his in-laws was a \$2,000 wedding present.

In 1960, King established King Resources in Denver to explore and develop oil and gas prospects. Because it was ahead of many big-time oil companies in using computers to make geological surveys, the company soon gained a reputation for cutting exploration costs. King began marketing his firm's cost-cutting knowledge to other companies and individuals. Today King Resources offers complex leasing and development deals for oil, gas, water, lumber and other resources.

From \$6,000,000 in 1966, the company's volume soared to \$118 million last year; earnings reached \$28.5 million. As a manager of myriad operations for clients, King boasts, his company annually handles up to \$500 million in other people's money. King and his family own 16.4% of the company's stock. Because of oil-depletion allowances and other deductions, King Resources has never paid a penny of in-

come tax to the Federal Government.

Another source of income for King is the Colorado Corp. Unlike King Resources, which generally works on large package deals for sophisticated clients, Colorado Corp. sells shares in oil-exploration ventures in the manner of mutual funds. Oil funds are not new, but King greatly broadened the market by letting small investors buy shares on an installment plan. Last year Colorado Corp., 92.5% owned by King and members of his family, grossed \$125 million. Preliminary agreement has been reached to merge it with King Resources.

Ike Liked Him. On the top floor of a 31-story Denver skyscraper, King manages his empire from an office protected against intruders by a uniformed guard, six secretaries and an electronically controlled door. The wood phone console beside King's desk has sixty buttons, and a telephone hangs next to the urinal in his private toilet. Notices of incoming calls boom through a two-way loudspeaker in the executive dining room. If a company official wishes to postpone answering, he merely lifts his head and bawls back his instructions to a microphone in the ceiling.

In his rare leisure time, King takes safari trips in Africa. He is a dedicated space buff and flies to Cape Kennedy with friends for just about every rocket launch. He has even hired Astronauts Walter Schirra and Frank Borman as executives in his companies. In 1968, he reportedly contributed \$250,000 to Richard Nixon's campaign. Personal popularity is important to the budding billionaire, who says, "I want people to think well of me." In his early Denver days, King seemed troubled by the coolness of the city's social leaders. Finally, he invited 60 leading citizens to a party at his home. Mrs. King greeted them at the door in a white Dior gown and led them in to meet the guest of honor—Dwight David Eisenhower. Since then, the Kings have been quite acceptable to Denver society.

AUTOS

No Ford in Russia's Future

When Henry Ford II was feted in Moscow last month, and invited to help build a Soviet truck plant, one unknown factor was the Nixon Administration's ultimate attitude would be. Last week Defense Secretary Melvin Laird delivered a blunt answer: "I am against exporting American technology to the Soviet Union while they are sending trucks to North Vietnam." Ford had already rejected a similar Laird comment as "not only highly misleading, but also a gratuitous attack upon my common sense and patriotism." Last week, however, at the company's annual meeting, he unhappily bowed to the Administration and announced that the deal was off. Ford is still considering "other Soviet proposals for technical cooperation"—presumably on less sensitive matters than trucks.

LABOR

Loss of a Healer

During his lifetime, United Auto Workers President Walter P. Reuther was regarded by many businessmen and rival union leaders as a dangerously disruptive force. Yet since his death two weeks ago in the fiery crash of a small chartered jet in Michigan, it has become increasingly clear that he was one of the healers that U.S. society sorely needs right now. Of all prominent labor leaders, he maintained the closest ties to the poor, the black and the young—those frustrated groups whose sense of alienation is fed by the suspicion that U.S. institutions, including big unions, care little for their aspirations. At the same time, Reuther kept the sort of control over his own union that many other labor leaders are losing in this potential Year of the Big Strike. The impact of his abrupt removal from the scene will be felt in the auto industry, the labor movement and throughout the nation.

Every Last Penny. Reuther helped to lead the 1963 civil rights march on Washington, spoke out almost alone in labor's high command against the Viet Nam War, strongly supported Cesar Chavez's grape strikers. He bubbled with social ideas: for a national medical-insurance plan and for a program to build low-cost housing for the poor, using assembly-line techniques. At the end of his life, he was talking about adding some form of pollution control to the demands that the U.A.W. will serve on the auto companies when bargaining begins this summer. Not all his enthusiasms bore fruit, but the respect that they won is illustrated by the list of eulogists at the memorial services for Reuther and his wife. They included Michigan's Senator Philip Hart, a leading spokesman for consumerism; Sam Brown, the Viet Nam Moratorium organizer; John Gardner, chairman of the National Urban Coalition; and Mrs. Martin Luther King. Probably no other



WALTER REUTHER

Making the radical commonplace.

labor leader could have drawn a similar line-up.

Many of the U.A.W.'s 1,600,000 members were unenthusiastic about Reuther's wide-ranging social ideas, but they trusted him completely to squeeze out the last possible penny in bargaining. He had little trouble convincing the rank and file that any settlement he negotiated was the best possible. In his 24 years as U.A.W. president, he made many bargaining breakthroughs that once seemed radical but have since become commonplace: long-term contracts, company-paid pensions, cost-of-living escalators, supplementary benefits for laid-off workers, a form of guaranteed annual income. Auto workers' wages rose from the 85¢ an hour that Reuther earned as a young tool-and-die maker in 1926 to an average of \$4.03 now. His successor, with no such rec-

ord to call on, will be under far more rank-and-file pressure to prove that he is driving a hard bargain.

The U.A.W.'s 25-man executive board will make the choice this week, probably from among these leading candidates:

► **Leonard Woodcock**, 59, director of the union's General Motors and aerospace departments, which include almost half of all U.A.W. members. Woodcock, a graying, spectacled intellectual who looks more like a college president than a unionist, already has begun some discreet politicking for the job among U.A.W. local presidents. He recently was felled by tuberculosis, but has recovered.

► **Ken Bannon**, 56, director of the Ford department. His major bargaining experience goes back to 1949, when he helped Reuther negotiate the auto industry's first pension plan. As the only candidate who is not yet a U.A.W. vice president, Bannon is the dark horse.

► **Douglas A. Fraser**, 54, head of the Chrysler and skilled-trades departments. A deft, canny bargainer, Fraser had been considered the man whom Reuther was grooming for the succession—but not until 1974, when Reuther, at age 66, would no longer have been eligible to run.

► **Emil Mazey**, 56, the U.A.W.'s No. 2 man as secretary-treasurer since 1947 and now its acting president. Articulate and sober-minded, Mazey controls the purse strings and is popular among local presidents, but he has had little bargaining experience.

The union's next president will inherit a conflict that even a bargainer of Reuther's skill and prestige would be hard-pressed to resolve peacefully. The three-year contracts in the auto industry expire Sept. 14. Responding to the surge of militancy from union men who feel that their wage gains have been eroded by inflation, Reuther had talked up huge wage and pension demands. He also was building a \$120 million war chest that could carry the U.A.W. through a ten-week strike against Gen-



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FRASER



BANNON



MAZEY

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eral Motors, or a longer one against Ford or Chrysler. Auto men, hurt worse than most other industrialists by this year's business downturn, were talking of countering with tough demands of their own to reduce absenteeism and loafing on the job. Reuther's death will make the negotiations harder because his successor will be eager to establish a name for himself with a rich contract. He will also be able to call on the workers to "win one for Walter."

Firmer Command. To the often-squabbling U.S. labor movement, Reuther's death may bring a period of surface calm. Although he helped mightily to negotiate the A.F.L.-C.I.O. merger in 1955, Reuther was a constant disturber of the peace within the federation, needing its officials to conduct bigger organizing campaigns and do more to help civil rights and other causes. In exasperation over the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s slowness to heed these pleas—and no doubt in frustration over his own dimming chances to become A.F.L.-C.I.O. president—he led the U.A.W. out of the union federation in 1968. Last year he forged a bizarre combination of the scrupulously clean U.A.W. and the scandal-ridden Teamsters. The combine, known as the Alliance for Labor Action, may endure on paper for a while. With Reuther gone, it is unlikely to grow into anything resembling a rival labor federation. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany, 75, who never could appreciate Reuther's insistence that a union should be dedicated to broader goals than improving the lot of its own members, has been left in firmer command of labor than ever.

IRAN

A Welcome for Capitalists

As the most economically successful nation in the Moslem Middle East, Iran is enjoying the pleasures of material progress—and suffering from some of its discomforts. In Teheran, where the population has mushroomed beyond 2,500,000, automobile traffic is both heavy and frightening, more chaotic than it is in Tokyo, Bangkok or Beirut. Middle-aged women gaze disapprovingly at the miniskirted teen-agers. Many Iranians can afford to buy the autos and clothes of their choice because the Alaska-size country no longer has an economy based on "the three C's": cotton, carpets and caviar. Under the prodding of the Shah, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Iran's widely diversified gross national product has increased 10.5% annually since the mid-1960s, and last year per-capita income rose from \$303 to \$328.

Much of this growth has been brought about by foreign investment, which has been attracted by Iran's stability, rich resources and potential as a gateway to awakening Asian markets. Even beyond the investment in oil, U.S. companies have pumped \$150 million into Iran in the past five years. The Shah wants much more outside investment. Last

week, at his personal invitation, 32 chairmen, presidents and other high executives of some of the largest North American corporations arrived in Teheran for a six-day conference with Iranian officials to investigate further possibilities for bringing in private capital. It was probably the largest array of top U.S. businessmen ever to assemble in a developing country for an investment conference. The companies that they represented have combined annual sales of \$36 billion, more than double Iran's gross national product.

During their visit, the American businessmen were scheduled to be received by the Shah. To encourage more foreign-capital inflows, the Iranians announced that private investors will henceforth be allowed to own majority stakes in joint ventures with the gov-

KAR SCHELER—BLACK STAR



NOMADS IN GACH SARAN OILFIELD
Gateway to awakening market.

ernment, and that special export subsidies will be granted for products that they make in Iran and ship abroad. Said Economics Minister Hushang Ansary: "We will give investors ample opportunity to get wealthy."

Foreigners are already doing well in Iran. In the southern town of Shahpur, one of the world's largest petrochemical plants, a \$240 million venture involving the government and Allied Chemical Corp. as equal partners, went into operation last week. A \$33 million caustic-soda plant was opened at Abadan last year; 74% of it is controlled by the government and 26% by B.F. Goodrich Co. At Kharg Island, a \$45 million sulfur plant, built by Iran and a subsidiary of Indiana Standard Oil Co., recently began operations. Reynolds Metals Co. is putting up a \$45 million aluminum plant at Arak in western Iran. In Teheran, Caterpillar Tractor Co. this week will open a \$10 million parts and service headquarters, the largest in the

Middle East, to maintain its big yellow tractors and graders as they change the face of the country.

Wrung Out. The Shah's current five-year plan calls for \$10.8 billion in development spending. Oil, which is the economy's basic fuel, must pay much of the bill. Last year the Shah demanded slightly more than \$1 billion in revenues. To meet that goal, the European-American consortium that brings out more than 90% of the nation's oil increased production by 14.8% to well over 1 billion bbl. a year. But with the glut in world markets, the consortium could sell only enough to raise \$930 million and had to make up the difference with an advance payment of \$80 million. Recently the nine companies involved agreed to the government's latest demand for \$1.155 billion in 1970

oil receipts; this will probably require another advance, of \$145 million.

Since there is a limit to the money that can be wrung from oil, the government is giving increased attention to the transformation of the southwestern province of Khuzestan into a huge agricultural-industrial complex. In addition, great copper deposits are being mined in the Kerman area of central Iran. A dozen major dams are under construction around the country.

Activity has been so intense that Iran's economy is showing obvious signs of overheating. Prices, which had risen only 1.5% a year for four years, rose 3.6% in 1969, reflecting in part higher costs for essential imports like steel. Still, Iran's credit abroad continues to be excellent, largely because of its oil revenues. Whatever the pressures on the economy, they are no match for the will of the Shah, who is determined at all costs to transform Iran into a modern state.

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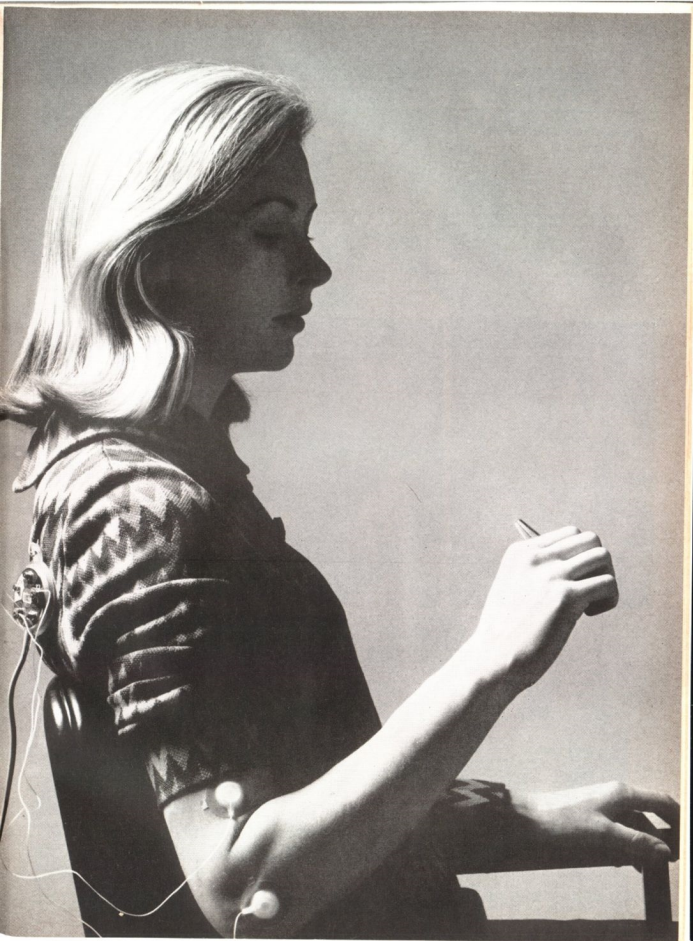
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SHOW BUSINESS

Revolution on the Riviera

For more than two decades, movie men have huffed and puffed onto the Côte d'Azur once a year to promote their wares at the International Film Festival at Cannes. Then they have gone home, leaving behind vast sums of money, countless Cuban cigar butts and occasional trend-setting films—*Marty*, *One Potato Two Potatoes*, *Easy Rider*. This year the trend was to revolution. "Right now," explained Producer Irwin Winkler, "we live in a time when revolution is a very salable commodity."

Serious film makers are usually at odds with money men, and this year's

Bendit. The film has its practical side: there are detailed descriptions of how to make gasoline bombs, fuses and timers. From the other side of the Atlantic came *M.A.S.H.*, *Woodstock*, and a film still unreleased in the U.S., *The Strawberry Statement*.

Directed by Stuart Hagmann and written by Israel Horowitz, *Strawberry Statement* is based on James Kunen's informal memoirs of the Columbia University rebellion of 1968. "I want to reach Sam and Samantha in Aurora, Illinois," Hagmann says. "I want people to say, 'That's just like my kids.'" If Sam and Samantha say anything of the sort, it will be because their kids have taken up campus revolution for no more discernible reasons than sex and excitement. Despite endless minutes of sirens, screams, clubs and tear gas at the finale, *Strawberry Statement* only manages to

PIERRE HONNEGGER



HAGMANN & HOROWITZ AT CANNES
When nightmares are great for sales.

emphasis on youthful rebellion served to deepen the difference. Warner Brothers' contribution to flackery was several hundred students bused in to organize a demonstration. In the middle of a group of spectators and tough French cops, a small group of students unfurled some innocuous banners and began to croon, "All we are asking is give peace a chance." Then the protesters launched into a version of "We Shall Overcome." The cops had heard that one before, and scented trouble. One of them began to advance. The demonstrators gulped and retreated. With much trepidation, a student approached the cop and explained: "Listen, it's only a promotion for *Woodstock*."

Sam and Samantha. The films themselves ranged from underground polemics to sleek Hollywood productions. Jean-Luc Godard, in the epicenter of the revolution as always, offered *West Wind*, written in part by Daniel Cohn-

make the point that Americans can make musical comedy of anything, including youthful dissent. The shallowness of the movie became all the more obvious when newspapers carried photographs of the killings at Kent State the morning after the screening. "It was a nightmare that day," said Hagmann, "with the reporters coming through saying it was great for sales."

It took the final U.S. entry, *M.A.S.H.*, to clear away the nasty aftertaste of commercialized commitment. Oddly enough, this was the one protest film based on the uses of bad taste—an insanely funny movie expressing the moral disproportion between war and lesser evils by showing the reality of both. As Director Robert Altman said: "Politics? I'm more concerned with behavior, with the insanity of order. This whole syndrome—the new films, and acting things out in protest—this may be a cry for revolution, yet through these media a bloodless one."

TELEVISION

Early to Bed

Broadcasting's big brother, the Federal Communications Commission, may have succeeded where Mom and Dad have failed for years. With its latest ruling, the FCC may just be able to send the country to bed earlier. The ruling (which does not go into effect until September 1971) limits network programming to three hours during the prime-time hours of 7-11 p.m. Eastern time.

The idea behind it all was enlightened enough. Since networks now provide their affiliates with network-generated programs for prime time, reducing that supply promised to give viewers more locally produced shows. But will it? Chances are that local stations, to save money, will merely bring on local news shows, and then let the late-night talkfests start a little earlier. The local stations may get wealthier and audiences healthier, but hardly anyone will be wiser.

Dann v. Klein:

The Best Game in Town

The Newlywed Game and *The Dating Game* are popular enough TV pastimes. But the most expensive, bitter and hilarious game of all is the one that the public never gets to see: the Rating Game. The rules are vague, the scoring is arbitrary, and the pawns are prime-time programs. Top network executives claim to have outgrown the game and have tried to call it off, but two of the all-time great competitors—CBS Senior Programming Vice President Michael Dann and NBC Audience Measurement Vice President Paul Klein—somehow did not give up the fight. The fascination lies not in who wins or loses but in how hysterically they play.

A few Sundays ago, their contest got so overheated that Dann felt compelled to phone NBC President Julian Goodman at his home. Flabbergasted at hearing from a CBS official a couple of echelons below him, Goodman first figured that Dann had been fired and was job-hunting. Dann was, in fact, on the line to ask Goodman to stop Klein & Co. from planting newspaper items knocking Dann's efforts to "improve television." Well aware that Dann was a past master at using the press in the rating game, Goodman had no sympathy. "Mike," he said, "you've created a monster, and now it's biting your ass."

"You Are Scum!" Mike Dann, 48, is a feisty, loquacious virtuoso of survival who has risen steadily through 14 presidents and two networks. Paul Klein, 41, is an irreverent disciple of Marshall McLuhan who is convinced he is brighter than his NBC bosses and not afraid to say so. Oddly enough, the rival vice presidents have never met, but they exchange terse little notes with endearments like "You are scum!"

The game has never been fought hard-

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er than in the past two seasons. Until then, CBS could claim to have won for 13 straight years. NBC contented itself with the claim that it had become No. 1 in what really mattered—the “demographic” breakdowns; that is, its viewers were younger, wealthier, better educated, and thus more desirable to advertisers. Then, in 1968-69, NBC passed CBS in total audience for the first half of the season. Desperately, Dann countered with a few maneuvers: he rescheduled *Hawaii Five-O*, for example, so that it played opposite a more vulnerable NBC program. At season's end, when the whole game seemed to ride on the ratings of a *Cinderella* special, Dann sent a poignant wire to the managers of CBS's 200-odd affiliates.

“My option is coming due shortly,” it began. It wound up: “And how you

ly, Klein sent Dann a condolence note, reading: “Pray for Mike Dann's babies.” Klein was referring to the fact that Agent 99 was pregnant with twins to “hypo” the ratings, but Dann misunderstood the wisecrack as a slur on his capability to support his own three children.

By the end of the so-called “first season,” NBC was so far ahead it called a victory press conference. Bright yellow buttons were passed around, proclaiming HAPPINESS IS BEING NO. 1. Unhappiness, at that point, was being Mike Dann, “I’ve never known what it is to lose,” he kept muttering. “I’ve never lost a season.” In mid-January, with NBC .5% in the lead, Dann made his move. He assembled 60 aides from both coasts and announced “Operation 100.” He picked the name because there were 100 days left to turn the season around, and because “the creative colony would respond to the emotion of it.”

Gamble on a Queen. Mike's Manhattan men met at 9 each morning in his office. At lunchtime, he put in a conference call to his Hollywood team. And at home he talked from 8 to 9:30 every night to Perry Lafferty, his L.A. vice president. Among them, they devised 104 changes in 100 days—including the sprucing up of existing shows. Ed Sullivan, having an anemic year, scheduled an all-Beatles evening, a Holiday-on-Ice special, and a night in Army hospitals (à la *Big Hope*).

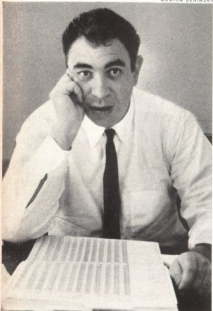
The 104 changes included the scrubbing of *Get Smart* for seven straight weeks. In its place went some respectable non-fiction shows and a CBS News special on Expo '70. Mike's master stroke was scheduling a rerun of the movie *Born Free* at 7 p.m. Sunday and having Dick Van Dyke introduce it; that gave it the third-highest movie rating in history (after *The Bridge on the River Kwai* and Hitchcock's *The Birds*). At 8 the next morning, on the basis of a special national sampling, Mike phoned London to buy the sequel, *The Lions Are Free*, for a bargain-basement \$75,000. A year before on NBC, it had pulled a 25.4 Nielsen; on CBS, with a big promotion push, the rerun hit 26.4. Another Dann gamble was to throw in *African Queen*, which had run many times on local TV, though not since 1960; it scored 26.9 in the Nielsens.

By about the 60th day of Operation 100, CBS reckoned that it had caught up with NBC. All too well aware of what was happening, Klein officially announced in *Variety*: “NBC no longer desires to continue the competitive rating game. Our season ended March 22.” An NBC official confessed later that “this was a gag, just part of our humble effort to drive Mike crazy.” Perhaps it worked. It was at that point that Dann made his impulsive phone call to NBC President Goodman. And one day, when he ran into his NBC programming counterpart, Mort Werner, on the street, Mike grabbed him and

blurted: “What are you sonsobitchers trying to do to me?” Replied Werner: “Mike, Mike, how about saying hello first?”

The tumult and name-calling ended when the latest Nielsen report came in. By its own calculation, CBS had won for the 15th consecutive season—by .2%. “This is the greatest thrill of my 21 years in programming,” crowed Mike. In his exultation he added: “I think I could have elected Humphrey.” Over at NBC, Paul Klein snorted: “They didn't win the season. They won their season. This is what McLuhan called ‘the dinosaur effect.’ CBS has blown to its biggest size just before extinction.” Industry evolution has indeed swung toward the Klein emphasis on demographics. In February, Dann's CBS superiors overruled him on the 1970-

BURTON DESSINERY



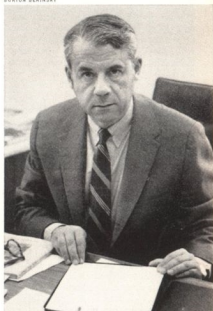
NBC'S KLEIN

“They didn't win the season.”

promote *Cinderella* will tell me something about your personal feelings toward me.” In the end, by CBS figures, CBS was first again, by a sliverly 20.3% to NBC's 20.0% (and ABC's 15.6%).* Klein argued that the tabulation ignored NBC's premiere week, and that actually the two networks finished in a dead heat, 20.1% to 20.1%.

Condolence Note. Last fall NBC again began its season a week ahead of CBS and went on to open up a large gap. Everything seemed to go sour for Dann. When he picked up the *Get Smart* series after NBC dropped it, he told Star Don Adams, “If you don't win your time period, I'll quit my job.” When the show began limp-

BURTON DESSINERY



CBS'S DANN

“I've never lost a season.”

71 schedule, choosing to replace several of his high-rated hits with series that would probably get a smaller but more salable audience. And he seemed to be rebuffed again two weeks ago, when CBS President Robert Wood told an affiliates meeting that in the future, the network would “resist being sucked into the annual ratings rat race.”

It is possible that Mike Dann will not be around for a rematch next year. He says that the years of 17-hour workdays and “all the press criticism” are beginning to get to him. He does not know exactly where he will go, or when. “It could be days, weeks, or even years,” he said last week. All he really needs, as a sign-off, would be a truce luncheon and a first meeting with his NBC nemesis, Paul Klein. As might be expected, Klein has already vetoed any such possibility. “I don't want to meet Mike,” he says. “I might like him.”

* The numbers supposedly signify the percentage of TV-owning households tuned to each network during prime evening time. Each percentage point represents 1,175,850 viewers.

BOOKS

The Meaninglessness of My Lai

MY LAI 4 by Seymour M. Hersh. 210 pages. Random House. \$5.95.

ONE MORNING IN THE WAR by Richard Hammer. 207 pages. Coward-McCann. \$5.95.

When news of the massacre broke last November, most Americans at first refused to believe that it had happened. When the basic facts became incontestable, many people still considered them too mundane to merit such a fuss or thought the whole thing ought to be kept quiet so as not to comfort the enemy. Anyone who can read these two books and still cling to either view has lost all sensibility or is beyond the reach of the written word.

Both books bring the horror back with new impact. And both are based on the reports of many witnesses whose willingness to incriminate themselves lends credence to their testimony. Hersh, a freelance Washington journalist who has just won a Pulitzer Prize for his effort, places the number of dead at between 450 and 500. Describing the murderous mood of the U.S. troops, he writes: "A G.I. was chasing a duck with a knife; others stood around watching a G.I. slaughter a cow with a bayonet. A G.I. with an M-16 rifle fired at two young boys walking along a road. The older of the two—about seven or eight years old—fell over the first to protect him. The G.I. kept on firing until both were dead." Hammer quotes a U.S. soldier who watched one of his friends hurl a grenade into a group of ten women and children: "You could hear the screams and then the sound and then see the pieces of bodies scatter out, and the whole area just suddenly turned red like somebody had turned on a faucet." Why didn't he stop his buddy? "All you had to do was take one look at his face. I think if I had even said a word to him at all, he would have turned and killed me and not thought a damn thing about it."

Chasing G.I.s. To get the original story, Hersh doggedly pursued a tip from a friend at the Pentagon until he was able to reveal the extent of the massacre—initially through the obscure Dispatch News Service. He logged some 50,000 air miles chasing ex-G.I.s for their versions. In pinpointing the involvement of Charlie Company's officers, including Captain Ernest Medina and Lieut. William Calley Jr., he names the accusing witnesses and scrupulously uses no anonymous quotes. His book bluntly lays out much of the prosecution's case in the impending military trials. He even had access to some reports of the Army's Criminal Investigating Division.*

* Because of the widespread discussion of the case in the press, Lieut. Calley's lawyer has contended that a fair trial is impossible. These books are sure to bolster his argument.

Largely devoid of adjectives, Seymour Hersh's style is that of the dispassionate police reporter, which he once was in Chicago. Hammer more vividly conveys the feelings, the thinking and the language of the troops by freer use of description, rhetorical questions, assertive judgments. A longtime freelance journalist now with the Week in Review section of the New York Times, Hammer also adds another dimension—mainly by revealing how dozens of Vietnamese survivors viewed the attack. "I have no idea why the G.I.s come and do this thing," said one despairing grandmother, who had watched much of her family perish. "I am too old. I



BOY SHIELDING COMPANION AT MY LAI
Tragedy in a broader perspective.

just want to die." Most of the survivors had been told by the Viet Cong that Americans would rape and kill them if U.S. forces ever reached their village. Ironically, they had doubted the Viet Cong charge because a number of G.I.s had come through before and handed out candy to the children.

Hammer also provides new details about a second massacre that took place during the attack of March 16. He claims that while Charlie Company was shooting up My Lai, Bravo Company killed nearly 100 civilians in another hamlet about two miles away.

Both writers cite small acts of compassion by some of Charlie Company's G.I.s while the killing went on all around

them. One soldier saw three children peek from some brush where they were hiding, motioned them to lie flat. Several G.I.s shouted to distract a soldier just as he was about to shoot an elderly woman. About the only heroic figure in the mad morning was Lieut. Hugh Thompson, a helicopter pilot who marked spots where he saw wounded children and women so that ground troops could provide medical aid. He was astonished and furious when he saw officers and G.I.s rush over to shoot the victims instead. Thompson landed several times to rescue civilians, mostly children. He even ordered a crewman to fire at his fellow Americans if they tried to interfere.

Wrong Village? How could American troops behave that way? Hammer contends that the attack was partly a mistake; misreading their confusing maps, Charlie Company hit a hamlet occupied only by civilians, instead of another that was near by and known to be held by tough troops of the Viet Cong's 48th Battalion. When the G.I.s met no resistance, they did not stop shooting. Both writers quote members of the company who claim that Captain Medina ordered them to kill everything in the village, and some who declare he took part in the killing himself. Both books quote soldiers who say that Lieut. Calley ordered others to kill and shoot freely himself. Most of the other G.I.s claimed they acted under orders.

Hammer, especially, views the tragedy in a broader perspective. He argues, surprisingly, that for most rural Vietnamese the years of warfare have rarely affected daily living. Only the nature of village tax collectors changed with the change of regimes—from the French, years ago, to various Saigon governments. There was not even much difference when the Viet Cong began controlling the village. The big change came, Hammer contends, when massive American forces transformed guerrilla warfare into a conflict in which killing became impersonal—with napalm attacks, free-fire zones and search-and-destroy missions like the one conducted at My Lai.

For U.S. troops it is all different—from any war they have known. With considerable sympathy for the young G.I.s who see companions die in taking a village that is abandoned the next day, Hammer describes the depersonalization of the war. He understands how U.S. troops can come to hate and fear all Vietnamese indiscriminately because they cannot tell friend from foe. (A similar confusion affects the Vietnamese. "All Americans look the same, except some are black and some are white," one My Lai survivor told Hammer.) The fact that in at least one operation "a large number of American soldiers became indiscriminate butchers" is to Hammer simply one more senseless act in a war that has already become meaningless.

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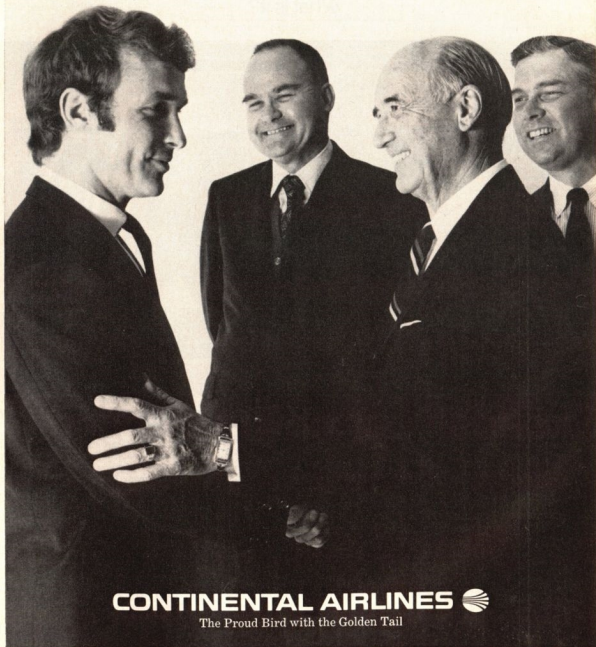



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A black and white photograph of four men in business suits. They are standing in a row, slightly overlapping, and are all smiling and looking towards the left. The man on the far left is gesturing with his right hand. They appear to be in a professional setting, possibly a meeting or a presentation.

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To Dream No More

THE LOSS OF EL DORADO by V.S. Naipaul. 335 pages. Knopf. \$7.50.

Shortly before Venezuela's Orinoco River reaches the Atlantic, it blossoms into estuaries. Just above them on the map, like a bee frozen over a skeletal rose, is Trinidad—an island with a history of frustrated dreams.

To the latter-day Spanish conquistador Antonio de Berrio, Trinidad was a staging point for futile Orinoco expeditions in search of El Dorado, the mythical city of gold. To Berrio's English rival, Sir Walter Raleigh, Trinidad was to be the beginning of a South American empire, where Indians and true-born Englishmen would unite to destroy the power of Spain. In his excessively romantic chronicle, *The Discovery of the Large, Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*, Raleigh describes an Arcadia whose wealth and spaciousness would give new dimension to Renaissance European man.

No one ever found El Dorado. And Raleigh's dream of a New World founded on the crass realities of exploitation. After Raleigh, Novelist V.S. Naipaul writes, in this extraordinary evocative re-creation of the history of his native Trinidad: "The ships from Europe came and went. The plantations grew. The brazilwood, felled by slaves in the New World, was rasped [the bark scraped off] by criminals in the rasp houses of Amsterdam. The New World as medieval adventure ended; it had become a cynical extension of the developing old world, its commercial underside."

Stagnant Empire. In addition to exotic woods, there were cacao and tobacco, the latter actually called "Trinidad" in early 17th century Europe. Nations had strict trade regulations, but they meant little in the face of raw opportunism. The Spanish had a saying: "The law is to be obeyed but not always followed."

Trinidad's Indian population was virtually exterminated and replaced by African slaves. As years passed, bloods mixed, profits dwindled, and Trinidad became little more than a backwater of the stagnant Spanish empire. In 1797, the British occupied the island, with plans for launching a revolution in South America. They even went so far as to draft a British-style constitution for an independent Spanish-American country. But such grandiose dreams were lost in the swamps of political and logistical reality.

Far from the reach of authority and egalitarian ideals, hatred and cruelty flourished unchecked. French émigrés from Guadeloupe and Martinique came to Trinidad with slaves and a system of savage punishment. Blacks had their noses split and their ears slashed off for minor offenses. Hangings, quarterings and decapitations were common occurrences. A simple method of extracting



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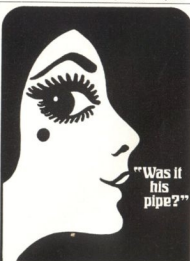


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Ideals went up in smoke.

information was to truss up a suspect in a particularly unnatural position and then suspend him so that his weight was supported where the ball of his foot met a wooden stake.

In 1801, Trinidad's Governor Thomas Picton applied the torture to a young mulatto girl who had been implicated in a theft. The episode, with a number of other abuses of power, led to a far-reaching scandal and intrigue. Picton's principal opponent was his first commissioner, Colonel William Fullerton, who wanted to create a Trinidad of small multiracial landowners whose basic human rights were assured.

Underground Kingdoms. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the savage General Picton, who was later to die a hero at Waterloo. Episode and consequence interlock in an unusually complex and compact narrative. But Naipaul's purpose is not to inundate the reader with details about a very minor historical figure in an almost forgotten part of the world. He seeks, rather, to create from the lava flow of facts a sense of the essential ambiguity that prevailed—between the dreams men brought to Trinidad and the brutal awakenings they created there.

V.S. Naipaul, a novelist whose grandfather emigrated to Trinidad from India, succeeds brilliantly. He is particularly effective when describing the fantasy life that resulted from the island's plantation culture. By day the white man, believing himself to be the lord of creation, strutted in his brass buttons and barked orders to usually compliant blacks. At night, however, many of the very same blacks would don cast-off uniforms and preside over underground kingdoms complete with royal titles and secret songs. One of those songs ended with the chorus, "Bread is white man flesh; wine is white man blood." Trinidad's recent outbreak of violence by Black Power advocates would indicate that the long night of fantasy may be almost over.

Messages by Mirror

CITY LIFE by Donald Barthelme. 168 pages. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. \$5.95.

The dust jacket provides the perfect image for the contents. An older man and a girl, dressed in what appears to be nightshirts, are dancing a sort of ring-around-a-rosy. Despite clasped hands, the two are curiously abstracted. Their eyes do not meet. Their smiles do not match. A vaguely *Marat/Sade* promise of violence seems to be in the air. The manic energy of the dance generates no gaiety, no warmth. This is a social act in a vacuum—dance seen as antic pathological spin.

Welcome to Donald Barthelme's world.

Barthelme is a quiet, scholarly young Texan—former philosophy student, former art-museum director—who writes the most disturbing and inventive short stories around. Taken together with his earlier books, *Come Back, Dr. Caligari* and *Unspeakeable Practices, Unnatural Acts*, the 14 stories of *City Life* establish him as the master experimentalist of his genre. He is a writer who may well be changing the definition of a short story the way Beckett, Ionesco and Pinter have changed the definition of a play.

Scaling the Glass Mountain. What goes on in Barthelme's surrealistic, mad-dance little world? In the first place, it is peopled with the oddest, the most chillingly funny characters: Horace, a gourmet-policeman, whose *pièce de résistance* is Rock Cornish hen; Lars Bane, a coachman out of a period print who hits and runs like a Mafia mobster; and there is even the Phantom of the Opera's Friend.

Barthelme's settings are even odder than the characters who inhabit them. Barthelme writes about a country named Paraguay. It is not in South America; it is a never-land where everybody has the same fingerprints and sexual intercourse occurs only when the temperature is between 66° and 69° Fahrenheit.

In another story, Barthelme summons up a glass mountain at the corner of 13th Street and Eighth Avenue. With the help of climbing irons and a plumber's friend, one of his fixated antiheroes tries to climb it.

Then there is Barthelme's Tolstoy Museum, including 30,000 giant pictures of the great Russian master as well as a 640,086-page Jubilee Edition of Tolstoy's published works.

But Barthelme characters and Barthelme settings pale beside Barthelme plots—or what passes as plots. One story consists of 100 sentences, neatly numbered. Another story, *Sentence*, is just that: 74 pages of breathless, free-form monologue dotted by commas, colons, even exclamation points, but nary a period—not even at the end. *The Explanation* is formed as a series of questions and answers. But the answers start

turning into questions themselves, and of course nothing is ever explained.

Pinning down a Barthelme story is obviously a surrealistic experience—rather like trying to explain a Groucho Marx joke to someone who has never heard of Groucho Marx. In desperation Barthelme critics sometimes resort to the comparison gambit, frantically coupling their man with a host of others in the course of one review. The catalogue ranges from Dickens, Swift and Joyce to Kafka, Nabokov and Henry Miller.

Shrinking Supertown. Yet Barthelme remains himself, with a clear, private antilogic running through almost all his stories. As a Texan transplanted to New York, his working premise seems to be that everything in the world of supertown is so oversize and so shrill that no one notices any of it. Mass anesthesia is the result. His remedy: to shrink life to the miniature so that the reader is obliged to bend and squint to see the madness, perfectly proportioned to a bizarre cameo.

In *Views of My Father Weeping*, Barthelme even trivializes death, and by making it so casual, so dull, so buried in petty, everyday detail, he also makes the reader feel the horror of death as no apocalyptic heaping up of corpses could.

Barthelme is a genius at self-consciousness. He uses clichés to make the reader think; he uses parodies to stir emotion. Like a billiard shark trying carom shots, he plays worn emotional impacts and responses against one another. The meaning behind the meaning in his stories is that the old main lines of communication are down. The simple, the forthright, the straightforward can no longer be confidently said. For the time being at least, messages must be sent by mirrors. And at that game, Donald Barthelme knows no peer.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Love Story, Segal (1 last week)
2. The French Lieutenant's Woman, Fowles (2)
3. Deliverance, Dickey (3)
4. Travels with My Aunt, Greene (4)
5. The Godfather, Puzo (5)
6. Great Lion of God, Caldwell (8)
7. A Beggar in Jerusalem, Wiesel (9)
8. Losing Battles, Welty (10)
9. The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight, Breslin (7)
10. Mr. Sammler's Planet, Bellow (6)

NONFICTION

1. Up the Organization, Townsend (2)
2. Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex, Reuben (1)
3. The Sensuous Woman, "J" (5)
4. Love and Will, May (6)
5. Mary Queen of Scots, Fraser (3)
6. The New English Bible (4)
7. The Selling of the President 1968, McGinniss (8)
8. I Know Why the Caged Bird Sings, Angelou (10)
9. Points of Rebellion, Douglas (7)
10. The American Heritage Dictionary (9)

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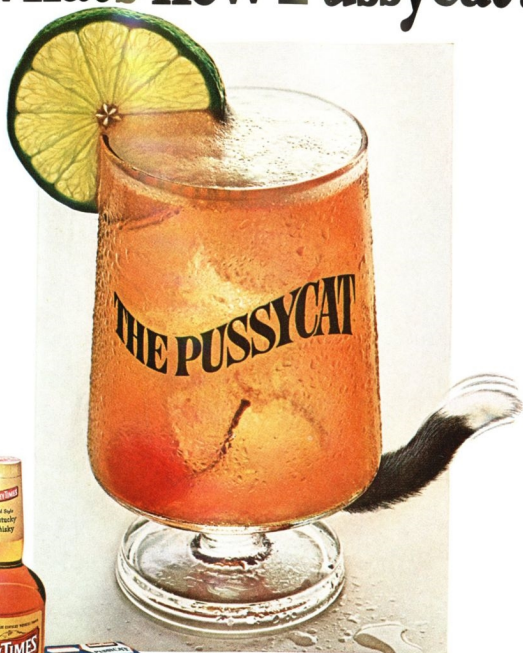
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